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ON THE YOUNG STATESMEN.

SIR CHARLES DILKE and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN have not often appeared on platforms together of late years. Probably this may be set down to the remarkable affection and community of sentiment which, on the authority of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN himself, exists between them. Either is so well qualified to express the sentiments of both that it is waste of power for both to speak at the same time and place. Perhaps this is the explanation; perhaps it is not. At any rate, each champion appeared to be extraordinarily stimulated by the presence of his brother-in-arms on Monday at Birmingham. Sir CHARLES DILKE did not, indeed, declare that he loved Mr. CHAMBERLAIN with quite such effusion as that with which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN declared that he loved Sir CHARLES DILKE. But then it is not clear whether Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was most anxious to proclaim Sir CHARLES DILKE's merits or his own freedom from "petty personal jealousy," though this obscurity is probably due only to a little awkwardness of expression. Each tribune of the people was at any rate in the highest feather. Indeed, lovers of the vernacular might possibly apply to the attitude of both the pleasant and picturesque term cock-a-hoop. The wonders which are going to be performed in the next two Sessions (it is to be observed that both gentlemen appear to have forgotten entirely their revered leader's dicta as to the wickedness of sixth Sessions) are only to be described concisely in the Latin tongue as *montes et maria*. Sir CHARLES DILKE is not only quite certain of getting any Reform Bill he likes through the House of Commons next year, but also two other "great Bills," and Heaven knows how many small ones. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, besides waxing lyrical as to the privileges possessed by every citizen of Birmingham, and rallying the House of Lords on its unwillingness to get out of the way, in a style perhaps unconsciously borrowed from the tramp in the *Uncommercial Traveller*, was good enough to take the Throne itself under his protection, and to complain in a manner almost pathetic of the bad taste of those who suggest that thrones are articles of furniture for which he has little predilection. It is only very sour and ill-conditioned persons who are not pleased with the spectacle of their fellow-creatures' enjoyment, although the particular spectacle of cock-a-hoopness cannot be enjoyed without some intermixture of amusement, nor without a melancholy recollection of the proverbial ill-luck of being "fey." But it must remain surprising that Sir CHARLES DILKE should have quoted (apparently from Mr. MYERS's not very literal translation) the Colophonian oracle, "Draw thou the long bow, and knock over the untold green-feeding ganders," as an example of unmeaningness. Surely Radical speakers are wont to carry the advice of that oracle into practice with a very successful result! For the practical upshot of the speeches of these two statesmen comes to this, that Sir CHARLES DILKE is going to do wonders, and that anybody had better think twice before opposing anything that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN likes. Unluckily mankind have often heard that Ministers are going to do wonders, and bluster and "bluffing" are also not entirely novel things in politics. Both promises and threats undoubtedly have some effect sometimes with the untold green-feeding ganders. But if Sir CHARLES DILKE and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN are so thoroughly convinced that their schemes of franchise extension, of county government, of London government, and what not, are for the good of the whole nation, it is perhaps a little strange that

they should unweariedly recommend them on the plea that they are distasteful to what even Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and Sir CHARLES DILKE must acknowledge to be a substantial part of the nation—the Conservative party. The recommendation of a course of action to one set of green-feeding ganders by the express information that the other ganders hate it very much may be politic, but is not of itself conclusive that the said course of action is the best for all ganderdom.

There is no very perceptible change of atmosphere in passing from Birmingham to Edinburgh and listening to Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL. There is the same presence of heat and absence of light, the same purely partisan spirit, and too much, unluckily, of the same indifference to national interests. In the course of inquiries into the nature of a mysterious something called Tory democracy, it is not unusual to hear it defined as the creed of which Lord RANDOLPH is the most promising prophet. To judge from the Edinburgh speeches, Tory democracy, with a few words and names changed, is, in many ways, remarkably like Radical democracy. The bolts with which it tries to knock over the green-feeding ganders are differently feathered and come out of a quiver with a different label, but the ganders are still the game, and it is painful to have to add that the long-bow seems to be still the artillery preferred. It is nearly as difficult to accept Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's view of the luckless Khedive of EGYPT as it is to accept Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's view of the House of Lords. Both are good, strongly-drawn views, with plenty of black in the deep strokes and a fine breadth of outline. It is possible that both may knock over the ganders. But to adjust Lord RANDOLPH's view to the facts is just as difficult as to adjust Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's view. One point Lord RANDOLPH did certainly make, and that was his scornful reference to the silence of Ministers as to Egyptian affairs. Their reasons for that silence can hardly be what Lord RANDOLPH thinks, nor will he get any one but democrats, Tory and other (that is to say, ganders, if Sir CHARLES DILKE will excuse this frequent borrowing of his *mot*), to acquiesce in those reasons. The noble patriotism of ARABI, and the brutal suppression of Egyptian freedom by England, exist in the garden fair of Lord RANDOLPH's imagination, no doubt; but they exist nowhere in nature or history. On the other hand, the vacillation of the Government in carrying out a generally beneficial policy; the glaring contrast even of so much of that policy as they have carried out with their professions and antecedents; and, lastly, the incomprehensible fashion in which they are backing their Egyptian friends in Egypt's present state of need, are things which may well make Ministers silent, though they should, at the same time, make Englishmen do their best to induce them to break that silence.

It cannot be said that Lord RANDOLPH's statements on other subjects than Egypt deserve to be much better spoken of, except in reference to Ireland, as to which his opinions, founded on accurate and sufficient knowledge, are in the main very sound and sensible. In his reference to the three-cornered constituencies, he is still as much for knocking over the greatest number of the untold ganders—in other words, for aiming at a majority pure and simple—as Mr. BRIGHT himself. It is scarcely necessary to argue the minority question here; but when Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL makes the undeniably true remark that England got on very well without minority representation before 1867, he forgets that until the electorate was

swamped in that year minority representation was needless, because the minorities could always obtain virtual representation in a fair proportion at least of the smaller constituencies. Breaking butterflies, however, is unnecessary, as well as cruel sport. Lord RANDOLPH or Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is excellent, the antagonists being very fairly matched, and the Tory democrat having as much advantage in lightness and ease as the Radical democrat has in heavy blustering zeal. But when Lord RANDOLPH is found endeavouring to conjure up a picture of the oppression of towns in the future by the wicked country, it is once more impossible to see any difference worth speaking of between the various kinds of democracy. They all seem to proceed on the assumption that the best as well as the strongest motive power in politics is class-hatred, and that the simplest and most certain aim in politics is to get the biggest class of haters together and enable them to crush the hated. Now the great merit of the English Constitution in times past has been that class-hatred was never encouraged by it, because no one class ever had uncontrolled predominance. This is a fact, which off the platform and out of the columns of newspapers no one acquainted with history is likely to deny. The new democrats, by whatever additional label they choose to ticket themselves, declare more or less explicitly by their glorification of majorities that all this is to cease. The majority is to have its way, and the rest of the world, as Mr. CHAMBERLAIN elegantly expresses it, is to clear out of that way. This seems to be the ideal of the Young Statesmen (to borrow the title of a famous historical ballad) on both sides, though it may be hoped that there are at least some Englishmen a good deal younger than Sir CHARLES DILKE and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN to whom it is a very objectionable ideal. Of course public men are not even yet all democrats. To turn from the discourses just commented on to the speech of Mr. PLUNKET, at once scholarly and statesmanlike, is a curious and a welcome change. But no one disputes that it is the other kind of bow which knocks over most ganders, and there will therefore be a continual temptation to use it.

THE DEADLOCK IN TONQUIN.

THE monotony of the endless Tonquin difficulty has at last been broken. There has been serious fighting at Sontay, and the struggle has really begun between France and China. In Europe, too, something has been done. The Correspondent of the *Times* has felt on mature deliberation that he may safely be so indiscreet as to tell all the world the secrets which he has learnt in conversation with the Chinese Ambassador. That, at least, is how the Correspondent describes his feat, with superfluous frankness. We have got to know by this time that the representative of the *Times* treads on a footing of equality with the representatives of Empires. He has said, and therefore it must be true, that the many important things he telegraphs to London do not come to him in the ordinary way of a correspondent's business. He is the friend of Ministers and the confidant of Kings. If his revelations are apt to appear a little futile, it is doubtless only one more proof that "the secrets of Courts are much fewer than we generally suppose." The present confidences are no exception to the rule. Much more is to be learnt from them about the great abstraction vaguely known among men as the *Times* Correspondent in Paris than about the affairs of France and China. The two columns or so devoted to this interview have a great more to say about what "I" observed, and what the Minister had to answer to "my" observations, than about anything else. It would, however, be grossly ungrateful to quarrel with the reports of Herr BLOWITZ. The daily papers are so uniformly dull that we may well be thankful for these displays of simple-minded self-sufficiency, clothed in their own unrivalled style—a style which is like nothing so much as an ingenious fourth-form boy's attempt at an idiomatic translation from French. In the present case, too, a grain of fact can be picked out of the bushels of chaff, and it happens to be of exactly the same kind as certain grains which have fallen from the basket of M. FERRY on a more recent occasion.

We have had occasion to insist already that the principals in this somewhat half-hearted fight are both relying on the good offices of England in the last resort, and now the Ambassador of CHINA and the Prime Minister of FRANCE have come forward to say as much almost in so many words. The balance of their utterances is made up, like most poli-

tical eloquence, of mere repetition. The Marquess TSENG declares for the fiftieth time that China has never surrendered its rights over Tonquin. He says, as he has said before, that French methods in diplomacy are intolerable, and that if his Government's feelings are not consulted, it will take steps to right itself, and he has repeated a good deal more to the same effect. All this seeming vigorous language has the defect of being a little vague. Suzerainty may mean anything, or, as we know by experience, nothing. It may mean the authority which the EMPEROR in Germany has over the King of BAVARIA, or the right of useless expostulation, which is all an English Minister has to rely on when the patriarchal rulers of the Transvaal harry our allies. Which of these different suzerainties will satisfy China? We do not know, and the Ambassador does not tell us. Then, too, what is exactly meant by saying that Bac Ninh and Sontay cannot be given up without dishonour? Will China support its garrisons by the whole force of the Empire, or will it leave them to take their chance, and merely protest that the principle is intact? In the former case, things will soon be brought to a crisis; in the latter, the quarrel may drag on for years, or till France recognizes that there is sense in the adage "A la guerre comme à la guerre," and men and ships enough to do the work are sent out. Of the two parties China is certainly best able to play the waiting game, but it has no apparent interest in fighting at all if it can come to a tolerable arrangement. If it had wished to fight, it might have declared war already. As far as any mere European is entitled to have an opinion on anything so mysterious as the policy of the Chinese Government, he will be safe in saying that it will not fight if it can help it; but, if France insists on coming too close, then it will prefer war, but it will also try and localize the struggle in Tonquin. It will worry the French garrisons at its leisure by preference. The Chinese must know very well, however, that it depends on France to decide whether the war is to be confined in this way or not. The Power which has the command of the sea can select its own field of battle. Until it is known whether France is content to fight on ground chosen by its opponent, China has every reason for trying to come to a peaceful arrangement. Now it is as plain as the sun at midday that England has every motive to maintain peace, and so the Chinese Ambassador lets all the world know by means of the *Times* Correspondent at Paris that the intervention of the English Government is desired. It is, on the face of it, a hopeful sign that M. FERRY is equally of opinion that the good offices of a third party might be usefully employed. He has gravely rebuked the flippancy of M. LOCKROY, who thought fit to sneer at the mediation of foreign Powers as humiliating to France. We may, therefore, take it for granted that both sides are ready to invoke the arbitrament of England.

To ask for the intervention of a third party, however, is one thing, and to be prepared to abide by his decision is quite another. Arbitration is a very commendable way of settling a quarrel when one of the disputants is prepared to yield at discretion, and only asks to be allowed to do it with decency. It is of less value when they advance incompatible pretensions. If the United States had insisted on bringing forward its claims for indirect damages at Geneva, the peacemakers would never have won their great triumph on that occasion. It is very obvious, too, that the arbitrators would have found themselves in the unpleasant position of having to offend one of the appellants, and possibly both, if we can suppose that the matter had ever been subjected to their decision. Before the English Government undertakes to arrange the dispute between France and China, it would do well to learn whether there is not a question of indirect damages between them. The ideal arbitrator also is one who has no interest of his own at stake, which is very far from being the case with England. There can, of course, be no doubt that, if we are prepared to support our verdict by arms, we may be sure of being listened to. When Prince BISMARCK threw out a suggestion at the Berlin Conference, it was backed by all the weight of the German army, and the English fleet would be equally potent in these troubles in the far East. It is obvious, however, that arbitration after the manner of Prince BISMARCK and on the model of Geneva are two distinct things. In the former case the arbitrator makes himself a party to the quarrel; and, if he is listened to, it is because he is too strong to be neglected. England has very good reasons for playing the part of the German peacemaker between France and

China. It is quite a new theory in politics that a State is bound to stand by while its trade is disturbed and its interests are damaged by the adventures of another Power. But, if we are to interfere on the ground of our concern in the quarrel, we need not wait for an invitation to arbitrate. We have a good excuse for striking in at once. It will be difficult for the English Government to refuse its good offices, but until it is known whether any arrangement is possible we will do well not to count on their producing any effect. The French have clearly resolved not to retire in Tonquin until they have won some success which can serve as a set-off to their collapse in Egypt. If the satisfaction to their feelings is something which China cannot permit them to take, we must either allow the war to go on and stand by as neutrals, or take an active part in it. There is very little satisfaction to be got from knowing that the French do not wish for a serious war, as long as it is certain that they insist on getting something which will make peace impossible. In spite of the oceans of talk poured out on the subject, we have yet to learn what it is that France will be content with obtaining, and what China is ready to concede. M. FERRY says that he will be satisfied with nothing short of a definite settlement in the delta of the Red River. As yet the Chinese have steadily declared that this is too much to ask for. It does not therefore follow that they will be as good as their word. Their Ambassador has already said that they are asking for more than they ever hope to obtain, simply in order to have a good position for bargaining. It is possible that, after all their protests, they may concede all M. FERRY's demands, if only they can be sure that the French will not insist on establishing garrisons on the very frontiers of China. There is room for any amount of guessing in speculations on the probable policy of an Empire in which nobody seems to be able to discover the ultimate authority. Foreigners have generally to deal with the Viceroys of Provinces; but over them is the Council of Foreign Affairs, and over it again there is said to be a Council of the Imperial Household. The EMPEROR himself is just about to reach his majority, and something, at least, will depend on his character. He will be more or less under the influence of his father, who is known to hate foreigners, and of the female members of his family, who have acted as Regents during his minority, and have pursued a moderate policy. The chiefs of the Tartar ruling class will doubtless have a good deal to say before any decision is come to; and the Chinese of the subject race cannot be disregarded, because they are always prepared to rebel if they see a good opportunity, and to seize any chance of attacking their foreign rulers, as the Taepings did. If the Empire is directly attacked, the Tartar aristocracy will unquestionably fight; but some better authority than the word of the Marquess TSUNG must be given before it can be believed that the occupation of Bac Ninh and Sontay will be considered as a direct attack.

MR. BRIGHT'S POSITION.

WHEN Mr. BRIGHT lately declared that he was not a Radical, his language, though it was undoubtedly paradoxical, was not without a meaning. He has always confined his desire for change within definite, though extremely wide, limits. The Crown, for instance, has for the most part been exempted from the invectives which he has during his whole career incessantly directed against other ancient institutions. He now declines to proceed with the Radicals of a younger generation beyond a certain point in their revolutionary course. He objects to the disfranchisement of freeholders, to universal suffrage, and to equal electoral districts. Perhaps his protest may encourage some of the less timid of his former colleagues to make a stand against Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's audacious demands. On the extension of household suffrage in Ireland Mr. BRIGHT pronounced no opinion; but there may have been a certain significance in the praise which he bestowed on Lord HARTINGTON's late Lancashire speeches. It is remarkable that he drew no distinction between the speech at Manchester and the second speech at Accrington, which consisted partly of a retraction of the first. He had no opportunity of commenting on the contemptuous language in which Sir C. DILKE and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN have since spoken of the doubts and scruples which Lord HARTINGTON feels in dealing with the Irish franchise. One of the oddest

of Mr. BRIGHT's peculiarities is the attachment which he frequently professes to the "old lines of the Constitution." At other times he begins the history of England with the American war or with the Reform Bill; but when it suits his purpose to object to some proposed innovation, he contrasts it with doctrines which he assumes to be both ancient and fundamental. Schemes for the representation of minorities are to Mr. BRIGHT so odious that, not content with arguing against them as inexpedient, he holds them up to contempt and ridicule because they are new. Respect for precedent, however capricious it may be, deserves recognition; but the English Constitution formerly gave not only protection but preponderance to minorities, and ever since the Reform Bill they have not been left wholly at the mercy of the multitude.

In two speeches delivered at Keighley Mr. BRIGHT furnished in succession characteristic illustrations of violence, of prejudice, of historical ignorance, and, finally, of the comparative moderation which he seems of late disposed to cultivate. For the hundredth time he sneered at "their high and mighty lordships" as coarsely and as spitefully as if the most ancient of deliberative Assemblies was not formed on the old lines of the Constitution. With the same want of taste and apparent absence of knowledge, he announced that the "big men," as he vulgarly called them, "of the last two generations discussed hardly any questions of real interest to the country, but only infernal questions of foreign policy." Among these incompetent and culpable big men Mr. BRIGHT was unlucky enough to specify PITT and BURKE. He might perhaps secure himself against the repetition of a discreditable absurdity if he would take the trouble to read MACAULAY's article on PITT and Mr. JOHN MORLEY's compendious Life of BURKE. It will perhaps be impossible to persuade him to reconsider the outrageous statement that for two hundred years before the Reform Bill there had been no thought of legislation advantageous to the people. Foreign contemporaries such as MONTESQUIEU and VOLTAIRE thought differently of the only free country in the world which was also the most formidable in war and the most prosperous in peace. It is astonishing that a great orator of cultivated intellect should in the indulgence of prejudice and passion voluntarily descend to the level of an illiterate declaimer.

The second Keighley speech, though it was in many places open to severe criticism, may perhaps exercise a wholesome influence over reckless partisans. Several Radical speakers have lately taken for granted the intention of the Government to establish over the whole kingdom one uniform franchise. The ancient rights of freeholders had never till lately been threatened; though the claim of the so-called "man on the other side of the hedge" to electoral equality with residents in boroughs has been for several years loudly affirmed. The reasonable objection to faggot votes is a mere pretext for disfranchising all owners of property. It might be supposed that the owners of the soil of a county had sufficient interest in its welfare to entitle them to a share in the choice of representatives; but modern reformers would perhaps regard the possession of a landed estate as a disqualification. Mr. BRIGHT justly remarks that the freehold franchise goes back some hundreds of years, though he is probably aware that it is less ancient than the House of Lords. For its preservation he gives a whimsical reason which raises a suspicion that he has no insuperable objection even to the abuses of the freehold qualification. "It" (the freehold franchise) "is one for which I must say I have considerable affection; for some four-and-forty years ago, when we were discussing the corn question, we made use of the 40s. franchise to improve and amend the representation of a good many counties." In other words, the Corn Law League manufactured faggot votes by wholesale; and after it was dissolved, Mr. CORBEN, for some years, devoted his energies to the maintenance and extension of the agitation. There is no difficulty in thwarting similar experiments on the part either of political associations or of single landowners. It would be easy to provide against the ostensible subdivision of property which really remained in the exclusive possession of the original owner. As Mr. BRIGHT said, either registration agents or a Government officer appointed for the purpose might easily check the creation of faggot votes.

Mr. BRIGHT declared in plain language his objection to universal suffrage. "I believe, if you cannot get a good Government with a representation based upon household franchise, mainly or generally, that a good Government

"is not to be had by the people of this country." Mr. BRIGHT was probably not conscious that by enunciating one simple and judicious proposition he had virtually separated himself from the whole revolutionary faction. The condemnation of the unjust and irrational system of universal suffrage was less important than the acceptance of the true test of constitutional legislation. It is the establishment of a good Government, and not the gratification of the vanity or ambition of constituents, which forms the sole justification for any representative scheme. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN lately dwelt at length on the alleged wrong inflicted on all who have not an ostensible share in the government of the country. As he absurdly declared, an Englishman of the present day is inferior to a German, because in this country there is a limited suffrage, while Prince BISMARCK's Federal Parliament is elected by universal suffrage. It would be interesting to learn whether a restricted and indirect vote for members of the Legislature of the kingdom is regarded by an intelligent Prussian as a drawback from his dignity as a voter for the Imperial Parliament. That the nominees of universal suffrage in Germany are not the real rulers of the Empire is a detail which was perhaps too insignificant for Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's notice. As Mr. BRIGHT said, the object of legislation is good government. If the result is, as is too probable, not attained by the establishment of household suffrage, it would be rendered impossible by a more absolute despotism of the multitude.

Against the plan of equal electoral districts, to which Mr. FORSTER had recently given his adhesion, Mr. BRIGHT protested in stronger language. "The Government would not propose, and would not be required by the public to propose, so tremendous a measure of change and disturbance and reconstruction, as a proposal of this kind, if adopted, would involve. I do not look forward to any change of that kind. It is a change which comes in a revolution where great power exists, with excited hatred of what has prevailed before." Mr. FORSTER is assuredly not desirous of revolution; but other advocates of equal electoral districts have given fair warning that they contemplate the subversion of almost all political and social institutions. Even Mr. CHILDERS, in a strange passage of his speech at Pontefract, announced that greater changes were impending than any which had been effected since the Revolution of 1688. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, Mr. JOHN MORLEY, and Sir CHARLES DILKE support organic changes in the Constitution for ulterior purposes of which no secret is made. It remains to be seen whether Mr. BRIGHT will find any followers in his new attitude of partial resistance to innovation. In the complacent recapitulation of his political triumphs he makes no allowance for the fortunate circumstance that he has almost always been on the winning side. Whether he will retain his popularity if he falls out of the first rank of democratic agitators is still uncertain. It may be hoped that in England, when the Constitutionalists are superseded by the Girondists, and the Girondists by the Mountain, the penalty of cherishing scruples of conscience will not be, as in revolutionary France, judicial murder or street massacre. The existing French Republic supplies precedents of less cruel vicissitudes. The colleagues and adherents of THIERS have long since been laid on the shelf, and two or three successive generations of politicians have worn themselves out in ten or a dozen years. It is possible that the more advanced Radicals may already begin to regard Mr. BRIGHT with contemptuous tolerance, as a veteran supporter of obsolete doctrines of moderation.

THE ILBERT BILL.

THE ill-starred measure to which Lord RIPON and Mr. ILBERT are godfathers is announced to be on the eve of final settlement one way or the other. The first week in January is to see its debate in Council, and thereafter it is to be handed over to a Committee, who apparently will decide its fate. Meanwhile its history continues to present the same peculiar features which have always characterized it. It is uncomplimentary, but by no means unjust, to say that hardly any defender of the Bill (except those English journalists who approach the question in a blissful and willing ignorance of everything connected with it except the facts that it is favoured by Mr. GLADSTONE and favours persons with dusky skins) ever lifts up his voice for it without making it more and more suspect. Not only have Lord RIPON's statements at Calcutta bewildered hearers and readers by the difficulty of reconciling them with other official and semi-

official utterances, but Dr. HUNTER's letter of qualified and apologetic excuse for the Bill has drawn a prompt disclaimer from one of the authorities—Mr. WHITLEY STOKES—whom Dr. HUNTER cited in its favour. This same excuse, by lumping in the Bill with everything done for the natives for many years past, and assuming that the whole must stand or fall together, once more exhibits the fatal confusion into which all advocates of the measure seem to have fallen. Finally, there are the extraordinary statements of Lord KIMBERLEY which Mr. ATKINS, the delegate of the Anglo-Indian working-men, has published, and vouches for. These are, of course, of the nature of an *ex parte* report; but it must be allowed that the report gains some weight from the tergiversation of the INDIAN SECRETARY, who, admitting that he used a particular expression to Mr. ATKINS, and adding that he did not lay any stress on that statement, retracted his admission through the very same channel by which he had made it. Mr. ATKINS, therefore, may claim for his account, at least, some *prima facie* credibility. The account itself is sufficiently astonishing, and (until Lord KIMBERLEY has had a longer time to deny its accuracy) must be credited with all reserve. It exhibits an exaltation of the self-denying policy which might stagger even the Aborigines' Protection Society. Lord KIMBERLEY is reported to have said not merely that the Government would grant Anglo-Indians and Indo-Europeans no privilege, but that "it is not their intention to allow the children of these classes to compete on equal terms with the natives." This is very nearly the same notion of "racial" equality which appears to be entertained as to religious equality by the Master of Balliol and his apologists in the HORTON case. The removal of disabilities involves the infliction of a grievance on the class formerly preferred.

Something has been said of a proposed compromise by which any accused person, no matter whether he be European or Indian, would be entitled to claim judgment by a compatriot. The scheme is intrinsically reasonable, and as it involves none of the one-sided equality above commented on, it will probably be distasteful to Lord RIPON and his instigators or backers (for the exact relation of the parties is by this time involved in hopeless obscurity) at home. It would deprive a native magistrate who had a grudge against Europeans of the pleasure of judging a European against his will; and as that pleasure is the sole advantage to any living soul which the measure—either in its original, or in its second, or its present amended form—can bestow, those who are fond of it may demur to this further amendment. The administrative inconvenience and expense would be slight, and would probably be compensated by the diminution of the number of appeals. The gross injustice of practically allowing a wealthy European the benefit of trial by his peers while the benefit is refused to a poor man—an injustice inseparable from the present revised form of the Bill—would be done away with. Unfortunately the spirit which is almost incredibly displayed in Lord KIMBERLEY's reported conversation with Mr. ATKINS certainly animates a large proportion of the supporters of the Bill. They do not want to benefit the natives, they want to humiliate their own countrymen, and the compromise would prevent that humiliation. Why this singular disease of *Anglophobia Anglorum* should have attacked them it is impossible to say, but unfortunately the ILBERT Bill is by no means the only recent occasion on which it has been manifested. The Indian Council has upon its shoulders the responsibility of deciding whether this pestilence has affected the highest class of English officials in India, or whether it has not.

FENIAN CONSPIRACIES.

MR. O'DONOVAN ROSSA and his like must be persons of much more modesty than is generally believed if they are not at present indulging in triumph at their success in drawing the hated British authorities. If any confidence can be placed in the rumours which have been flying about for some days, their last burst of swagger has had an unwonted effect. Ever since O'DONOVAN was hanged we have had daily stories about the extraordinary precautions taken to guard against some measure of retaliation on the part of the Fenians. Public men and public buildings have been supposed to be in deadly peril. The vigilant reporter has discovered that London Bridge is covered with watchers day and night, that every foot of

Newgate and the Bank is kept under the eye of some trustworthy police agent, and that the whole force is on the outlook for the avenger who is coming from America. Meanwhile a picked bodyguard has been told off to watch over the safety of Mr. GLADSTONE. It is true that a great deal of all this has been promptly contradicted; but that will probably have no considerable effect on the mind of the would-be terrorists. They are much more likely to receive an official contradiction as the best possible confirmation of these flattering stories. There are many of them, too, which cannot be denied. It is acknowledged that the Governor of Newgate thought extraordinary precautions necessary, and that Mr. GLADSTONE's safety appeared to be so seriously threatened that further measures have been taken to provide for his security. We have no desire to blame the responsible officers for preferring to err on the side of over-caution. It would be a great misfortune if the enemies of the State were allowed to gain even the appearance of a success. The bluster of Fenian exiles in Paris and New York is contemptible enough in itself, but we have good reason to know that it has its effect on a certain stamp of man. Whenever it is particularly loud there is always at least a chance that some one will be found endowed with the necessary combination of folly and villainy to believe in it and act on it. But, although a certain amount of extra precaution was justifiable under the circumstances, it is by no means creditable to anybody concerned that there should have been so much fuss. Nobody can be blamed for crediting the little knots of exiles who threaten the English Government from a safe distance at Paris or New York with any amount of folly; but even they must be supposed to be at least as ready to serve their heroes as to avenge them. It takes a good deal to stir these patriots into undertaking any enterprise which entails danger to their sacred persons; but, if they were capable of acting at all, they would not have waited till O'DONNELL came to his inevitable end. If the special guard at Newgate and the twelve Flintshire policemen at Hawarden were needed at all, they should, it would seem, have been on duty before last week. When additional precautions are taken, it is because enough has not been done already, and nobody had imagined that any further warning was wanted even by Scotland Yard after the Westminster explosion. On the present occasion it certainly appears that more was done than was necessary, and that it was done with superfluous parade, which cannot but be extremely flattering to the very contemptible rascals who were the cause of it. Even if the Home Office and the police are to be excused for losing their heads a little, on the ground that they are responsible, and cannot well afford to blunder any more, the same plea cannot be urged for the daily papers. They are greatly addicted to magnifying their office and talking about their responsible public position. It is greatly to be wished that they would take it a little more in earnest in some respects. Even the War Correspondent is found to allow in his more sober moments that it is not commendable to give information to the enemy. His editor might profitably hold that opinion in a more pronounced form. If all the reports of the last week had been well founded, it does not follow that the information they contain should have been conveyed in the cheapest and most rapid manner to the persons whom they chiefly concern. The liberty of the press is doubtless sacred; but it is conceivable that it will have to be made compatible with the exercise by the Home Office of some such supervision as is found indispensable by the general staff of an army in the field. It seems useless to expect discretion from editors engaged in a continual race for early information.

In the course of the present week, too, we have been copiously supplied with the means of forming an opinion as to the real character of Irish conspiracies. The trials at Cork and Edinburgh are indeed very instructive reading, and illustrate the subject on all sides. The proceedings at Cork show what an Irish conspiracy is at home, and the trial at Edinburgh shows what it is when established in Great Britain. Nothing very new is to be learnt from either. We have seen the characters and plot of the shabby melodrama before. The scheming rogue who sets the thing going and his dupes; the elaborate schemes to murder somebody which generally end in nothing, because there is danger in the attempt or a traitor in the camp; and the inevitable informer, are all familiar figures. They are, however, worth looking at again. The evidence taken in the trial of seven men accused of conspiracy in Mayo shows what the societies really were which paralysed the law in

Ireland in the days when the Crimes Act was not, but only remedial legislation. A meaner story has never been told. The most prominent figure is the complacent informer himself. From the day that he was sworn in for the second time in 1881 he divided his activity, according to his own showing, between taking part in elaborate preparations for outrages, and giving information to the Constabulary. He has, no doubt, every interest to represent himself as having always been on the side which has ultimately proved strongest, but his evidence is corroborated by the police. At every stage of the proceedings of the conspirators we hear of ceremonies in which somebody swears somebody else to do something. The theatrical trappings of such things seem to have an irresistible fascination for Irishmen. A conspiracy to murder is a form of popular amusement, and "decent fellows" collect subscriptions for arms under the persuasion that this sort of thing is an heroic but, on the whole, harmless amusement. Not that the desire to rise to the dignity of crime was wholly absent. While the thing was still safe the conspirators went the length of firing into the house of a constable in the night. On another occasion two or three heroes of the neighbourhood, who may or may not be among the seven men on trial, waited for a land agent; but he showed a revolver, and they wisely kept at a safe distance. One victory the conspirators did score. They succeeded in nearly murdering a farmer who had taken a farm formerly held by another man, and their victim seems to have been effectually frightened. From first to last they were under the eye of the police, who received regular reports from the informer COLEMAN. We are already tolerably well instructed as to what the condition of Ireland is under the ordinary law, and this trial tells us again. It is a state of things in which gangs of rogues, with a following of their congenial companions—fools such as these conspirators seem to be with scarcely an exception—can carry out a system of terrorism with perfect impunity. The merest cowards can murder when they feel themselves safe.

The trial of the Glasgow conspirators tells the same story, with little or no variation. Whether the jury will be persuaded or not that the ten men before them were actually guilty of causing the explosions at the Tradeston gasometer and elsewhere, they can scarcely have any doubt that it was the work of some such body of conspirators as has been described to them by the informer HUGHES. His story, supported as it is by independent evidence, shows that a handful of men who do not in ordinary times go beyond an assault on the police or a drunken riot, can be brought by proper instigation to do damage on a large scale by the use of dynamite. Glasgow has always enjoyed the possession of a rowdy population peculiarly its own. The Irish and Highland labourers of the city, and the still more fatal combination of the two, afford an ample recruiting ground for FEATHERSTONE and his like. Their names show that the ten prisoners belong to this class. In a community which was off its guard, and is not accustomed to frantic and aimless violence, it was easy for them to get a little advantage by surprise. There is nothing remarkable in the fact that a knot of ignorant men should have been persuaded to try and do an infinite amount of damage. To them it probably only appeared a superior kind of Saturday-night riot. On the whole, it was a simpler business to explode dynamite near a gasometer or in a railway station than to commit the most vulgar burglary. The fact that they failed in producing the ruin they counted on may serve to discourage imitation, and the ardour of others of the same stamp will be still further cooled by the discovery that the crime is not so hard to detect as they were made to suppose. The incidents of the trial are no doubt familiar to everybody in Glasgow; and the possible future dupes of other FEATHERSTONES are aware by this time that the traces of dynamite can be discovered at once, and that in a law-abiding community the police, if they are only intelligently directed, can be trusted to run down the criminal who is rash enough to use it. He is sure to belong to one well-marked class whose members are fortunately very susceptible to the charms of a bribe.

THE OPENING OF THE CORTES.

THE position of the Spanish Ministry is insecure; but a reconciliation or truce which has been patched up with the independent Liberal party will probably prevent any immediate change of government. In pursuance of an

arrangement among the Liberal leaders, Señor SAGASTA has been appointed President of the Congress; but at present his immediate followers have not taken office. The differences between Señor SAGASTA and the Liberal Union, to which most of the present Ministers belong, is profound, and indeed fundamental; but it has been found possible to adjourn the measures on which they must necessarily disagree. Señor HERRERA and his colleagues have unwisely pledged themselves to the mischievous and dangerous theory of universal suffrage. Señor SAGASTA, as a responsible and experienced statesman, adheres to a more rational system of representation. The moderate Liberals desire to maintain, with some minor modifications, the essentially monarchical Constitution of 1876. The Ministry seems inclined to revive the impracticable Constitution of 1869, which was devised during the interregnum which followed the dethronement of ISABELLA II. According to this formula, the ordinary Cortes is invested with constituent powers, extending apparently to the possible substitution of a Republic for a Monarchy. The device for which the schism is for the moment adjourned does credit to the ingenuity of the Ministers. The KING is made to propose in his Speech the universalization of the suffrage; and the word, like most newfangled terms, is intended rather to conceal an ambiguity than to express a meaning more clearly. Universalization seems to imply a gradual process which may occupy an undefined time. Approximation to universal suffrage is intended by one section of the Liberal party to be rapid, while Señor SAGASTA's followers probably hold that it would be comparatively innocuous, or at least less alarming, if it was not to be completed for fifty or a hundred years. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's colleagues may regard with envious admiration the copiousness of the Spanish political vocabulary. The universalization or householdization of the English and Irish suffrage would perhaps reconcile divergent views.

SAGASTA's resignation while he had still a large majority in the Congress may perhaps be explained by his impatience of the unpopularity of the Conservative section of his Cabinet. The Foreign Minister and the War Minister had accumulated against themselves much ill will; and Marshal MARTINEZ CAMPOS especially was naturally held responsible for the military mutiny at Badajoz, though it was organized by Republican conspirators. It is also possible that the late Minister may not have been fully assured of the confidence of the KING; but, whatever may have been his reasons for retirement, he has constantly offered support to his successors on the implied condition that they abstain from revolutionary experiments. As President of the Congress he will be able to maintain for the present a neutral attitude. It is not known whether he was satisfied with the Speech from the Throne, which is said to have been largely altered from the original draft on the suggestion of different Ministers. The priority which is given to an expression of regret for the Badajoz insurrection indicates the anxiety which has been generally aroused by the renewal of military revolts. The disturbance seemed to be in itself insignificant, and it was easily suppressed; but the manly bearing of the KING during his subsequent tour of inspection has evidently failed to restore confidence. At the very time when the KING was addressing the Cortes new proof was given of the political character of the mutiny. In a *jong* proclamation which was distributed in the streets, Señor RUIZ ZORRILLA undertook the defence of the mutineers and identified their cause and his own with a Republican revolution. It seems strange that even a demagogue, who was once a responsible Parliamentary statesman, should publicly excuse a military insurrection, whatever may have been its cause or pretext. Soldiers who, in their military capacity, take part in political contests are the deadliest enemies of freedom. Señor ZORRILLA himself, if he were at the head of the Spanish Government, would be as helpless as the civilian Ministers of the last generation in the hands of ambitious military confederates.

The references in the Speech to the personal relations of the KING with foreign Governments were judicious and graceful. The untoward events which occurred in Paris were only noticed as introductory to a courteous assertion that the result had been to confirm the friendship between France and Spain. It was still easier to congratulate the Cortes and the nation on the recent visit of the Crown Prince of GERMANY. It was satisfactory to remember that, in spite of forebodings and rumours, no disagreeable incident had disturbed the reception of the illustrious guest. The language in which a more practical transaction was mentioned has given rise to a certain amount of criti-

cism. The most creditable act of the new Ministry during its short tenure of power has been the agreement with the English representative at Madrid on the protocols which, in a more permanent form, will provide for the commercial relations between the two countries. The late Foreign Minister was probably not opposed in principle to a settlement; but his conduct of the negotiations had been neither conciliatory nor successful. If the protocols are converted into a regular treaty, English commerce will be admitted on the terms accorded to the most favoured nation. The English Government has, after a controversy which has lasted for more than twenty years, conceded a large part of the Spanish demand for the alteration of the alcoholic standard. Only those who are either officially or commercially acquainted with the subject are competent to form an independent judgment on the controversy as to the proper standard on which import duties are calculated. Mr. GLADSTONE, who in 1860 instituted the existing system of legislation, has until lately steadily refused to facilitate the competition of the strong Spanish wines with the light clarets which are imported from France. His object was to tax alcohol equally in whatever form it might be consumed; but Spanish wine-growers neither appreciated nor understood the scientific theories on which he relied. Since 1860 the importation of Spanish wines into England has increased; but not so rapidly or so largely as the consumption of French wines. For the purpose of relieving Spanish producers from an alleged injustice, the Cortes have, at the instance of successive Governments, imposed special disabilities on English commerce; and it must be admitted that practical arguments have proved more effective than diplomatic contentions. It must, however, be remembered that the non-renewal of the French Commercial Treaty has probably facilitated the present arrangement.

Although the grievance which is about to be removed or qualified affected only the Spanish growers, the agitation for which the alcoholic scale furnished an excuse has been actively promoted by the Catalanian manufacturers who had nothing to do with the wine trade. They have already organized an agitation against the protocols and the proposed treaty, and they are in no degree reconciled to additional competition by the advantage offered to Andalusian industry. On this ground commentators on the Speech object to the exclusive mention of the agricultural class as likely to benefit by the facilities offered to Spanish wines. The censure is perhaps hypercritical, as neither Xeres nor Barcelona will have anything to learn from a formal statement made to the Cortes. The wine-growers complain, as might have been expected, that the concession is insufficient. Some of them would undoubtedly have gained by the establishment of a higher standard; but it must be supposed that the Spanish negotiators and Sir R. MORIER, who has conducted the discussion with much skill and energy, ascertained, before they agreed on a conclusion, the material facts of the case. It is not improbable that, at least in the first instance, the sanguine expectations of the Spanish wine-producers may be partially disappointed. Mr. GLADSTONE undoubtedly succeeded in one of the purposes of his legislation in 1860. The present generation owes to him more than to any other benefactor its taste for the cheaper wines of Bordeaux, or the imitations which pass under their name. The consumption of Spanish wine, consisting almost exclusively of sherry, though it is still very great, has not increased in the same proportion. It remains to be seen whether more sherry of an inferior class will be consumed when the price is reduced by the amount of duty removed. It is well known that the rate of duty on superior wines, unless it is extremely heavy, has little effect on the price. To some extent English wine-growers will profit, and it is to be hoped that general trade with Spain may largely increase. It would seem that the Spanish Liberals so far justify their appellation, that they are better disposed than the Conservatives to encourage commercial intercourse with foreign countries. The KING in his Speech mentioned two or three commercial treaties in addition to the English protocols, and he expressed a strong wish to conclude a similar agreement with the United States. It is in the political part of the document that uneasiness and anxiety may be traced.

THE HAUNTED HOMES OF ENGLAND.

A PROFOUND writer has lately maintained the paradox, as we venture to think it, that the British ghost is in a state of decay. Mr. ANSTEY traces this supposed decline in spectral society to a variety of causes. He thinks that, after a period of reckless inflation and of a paper currency, the genuine article—the native spectre—has become a drug, and is offered vainly on a falling market. The paper currency, the inflation, is the result of “Christmas numbers” and Christmas literature. A person of leisure and of a statistical turn has calculated that there are at least six ghosts “walking” in this year’s Christmas numbers. Three of them are explained away by the “natural phenomena theory” of the mythologists—that is to say, they prove to be rats, robbers, or indigestion in disguise. Theories of this kind sap and slowly undermine all faith in arguments for the existence of a bogie. At the same time, the unexplained ghosts of Christmas fiction are so powerful and full-flavoured that the real, unadulterated spook or wraith of everyday life cannot compete with their attractions. What we seem to need is Protection, as every country but our own recognizes. Our genuine home produce in spectral fabrics must be guarded against competition, the curse, as Mr. WILLIAM MORRIS knows, of society. How can the honest homespun ghost keep its place in a market which is flooded—positively flooded—with cheap substitutes and untradesmanlike imitations?

Though this reasoning is highly satisfactory to a conservative mind, Mr. ANSTEY does not appear to be himself a thoroughly consistent economist. He betrays economical eclecticism in more ways than one. In the first place, he contemplates improving our native stock of ghosts by the acclimatization of some foreign varieties. Now we all know that the foreign red-legged partridge is the curse of sport, far from being an improvement. British anglers look askance at the proposed acclimatization of bass, which would devour our native trout. In the same way (we put it to Mr. ANSTEY), to stock an old English manor-house with German bogies would infallibly result in spoiling, perhaps in exterminating, the English breed. Look how the Hanoverian rat exterminated or corrupted the British rat of our fathers. This example is peculiarly to the point, as the scientific theory of spectral noises actually identifies rats with ghosts. Again, as has already been shown, we need nothing more than protection. It follows that a prohibitive tariff is required, not free-trade with the Continent. The robust and masterful character of the German apparition is known to all. German White Ladies, German barons, deceased and in the spirit, have an amount of body with which our purer and thinner produce cannot hope to compete.

This is not Mr. ANSTEY’s only economical heresy. Every economist will admit that nothing is so debasing and pauperizing as indiscriminate almsgiving. If we are to be charitable, it must be with system. We must strictly investigate all claims, and only give in deserving cases and where there is some chance of causing a permanent amelioration in the condition of the recipients. Very well; this is precisely the attitude of the Society for Psychical Research. The able and intelligent secretaries of that enlightened Society, Messrs. MYERS and GURNEY, are constantly occupied in investigating the claims of every species of manifestation. No Dream is admitted to the charitable support of the Society unless it can show its passport, and prove that it did not come through the ivory gate. Every wraith is at once met with the stern resolute question, Are you, or are you not, a coincidence, a mere fluke, so to speak? Dreamers of dreams and seers of spectres are carefully interrogated. Were you quite well when you dreamed of So-and-so? Do you often dream of it? Did it impress you much at the time? and so forth. These are the questions, the indispensable questions, which are put to witnesses to character. To this system we offer our humble approval. Mr. ANSTEY, on the other hand, thinks it harsh, cold, discouraging. Ghosts, he says, require more delicate and sympathetic handling. But where is the comfort in a spectre you cannot rely upon? To give him your faith at first sight is like giving a shilling to a blind beggar without inquiry. No sooner is your back turned than he (the beggar, not the ghost) is miraculously restored to sight, and is finding unaided his way to the public-house. In precisely the same manner the too-hastily accredited ghost goes to swell the ranks of spiritual impostors. He is certain to be found out, sooner

or later, and then the sceptic rejoices and the believer is pained. For this reason, and not from niggardliness of disposition, we must be permitted to deprecate the suggestion that the Society for Psychical Research should make grants of properties and tools to spectres probably quite undeserving and quite capable of pawning them for drink. It is easy to talk, with facile generosity, of making grants of “a few lengths of chain and a pound or two of blue fire,” but depend on it these are the very sorts of alms which pauperize and degrade the floating spiritual population. Moreover, as in all such schemes, the money must eventually come from the pockets of the ratepayers.

It is because we hold these ideas (ideas old-fashioned perhaps, and too often scouted by the reckless and romantic economists of a gushing age) that we have always approved so strongly of the Society for Psychical Research. They now, in a letter which Mr. GURNEY has sent to the newspapers, add to our Christmas enjoyment by introducing a new kind of innocent game. Tired of “magic music,” of “the family coach,” and of “Consequences,” we are all to ask our friends, “yes or no,” whether they ever had this or that spiritual experience. Now almost every one has had “something odd happen to him,” and in the telling about that “something odd,” every one takes a fresh unwearying pleasure, though the tale of the ghost in the gun-room may be rather fatiguing to his family audience. In the Society for Psychical Research we all find a sympathetic audience. The consequence is that the Society acts as a kind of safety-valve, and the Christmas circle is spared the old stories, while the game of Questions gives an occasion for new romances.

By way of proving that the British ghost, far from having fallen on evil times and evil tongues, was never more the object of friendly curiosity, Mr. INGRAM is publishing a Spiritual Directory. This volume will be a useful addition to BURKE’s volumes on the Landed Gentry. It will contain a list of “the Haunted Homes of England,” and all the anecdotes about them. We presume that the work will be arranged on the system of Dod’s *Parliamentary Companion*. Thus we shall read:—

“BEARDIE.—Ghost male, clad in armour. Date of creation unknown, but very old. Called ‘Beardie’ from the long beard he habitually wears. In politics is a Conservative, but in favour of the system known as Home Rule for Scotland. Is believed to have sat for Forfarshire before the Union. Country residence, — Castle, Forfarshire.”

Or again, “RED CAP.—Ghost male. Named from his usual head-covering. Authority for this ghost, Sir WALTER SCOTT. In politics holds that *la propriété est le vol*, especially as far as cattle are concerned. Is believed to have been a Border Reiver. Country residence, “Hermitage Castle, Liddesdale. The Ghost Club, Cambridge.”

Often, of course, there will be a difficulty about the family name of the spectre. Land has alas! changed hands a good deal, and very few of the oldest families can be certain that their manorial ghost is the ghost of an ancestor. In such cases the spectre can only be indicated by its characteristics; for example, we have the Lady with No Eyes (Cumberland); “the Lady in Purple Velvet” (Berkshire); the Lady in Diamonds (Galloway); the Lady in Green, or Green Sleeves (Fifeshire); the Radiant Boy (Northumberland), who has been laid in the most unsportsmanlike fashion by disturbing and reintering his bones, and so on. The industry of Mr. INGRAM will probably throw some light on the genealogy, pedigree, political opinions, and so forth, of these and many other spectres. Whether the plebeian Brownie should be admitted in a manual of Haunted Homes it is hard to decide. The best ghosts are “carriage people,” and drive in those coaches whose wheels are often heard, but which are never seen, in the neighbourhood of haunted houses.

THE VATICAN AND THE QUIRINAL.

THE visit of the Crown Prince of PRUSSIA to Rome has been the chief political event of the week. It is from every point of view an event of no ordinary significance. Many of the greatest admirers of Prince BISMARCK and his policy have had grave doubts whether, in entering originally upon the *Culturkampf*, he had not miscalculated the nature of the enemy whom he challenged, and of the forces which he would find arrayed against him in the German Parliament, and among the German people. But, if Prince

BISMARCK made a mistake in initiating the struggle ten years ago, he has certainly shown masterly ability in repairing the mistake now. If peace is made at last between Prussia and the Vatican, it will be peace with honour. That the CROWN PRINCE, a guest of the dynasty which destroyed the temporal power of the Popes, should pay a visit of courtesy and conciliation to the "Prisoner of the Vatican," is as little like the "journey to Canossa," with which some Ultramontane journals have compared it, as any two events in history could be made out to be. Whether it was wise or not to begin the *Culturkampf*, the Prussian State has not come off second best in the conflict; and the friendly overtures made by Prussia under such circumstances imply no loss of dignity on her part. In the interests of both parties there is every reason to hope that peace may at last be made. A good understanding between the Catholic party in Germany and the Crown will greatly strengthen them. And this is the more evident when we remember that, if the hostility between the two became permanent, an alliance, more or less open, between Catholics and Socialists would again become probable. Should a reconciliation, on terms not humiliating to either side, take place between the Prussian Government and the Catholic Church, the former will have gained a powerful ally against the disintegrating forces which are still at work in Germany, and the latter will without doubt not only receive some substantial return for the help it offers, but also (which is of greater weight) have taken an important step towards the reconciliation of the Church with the modern world.

Hitherto the comments which have been made by the press on the visit of the CROWN PRINCE have referred chiefly to the new relations between Germany and the Vatican which may arise out of it. But it is also probable that it may prove, not the cause, but the occasion, of improved relations between the Quirinal and the Vatican. It is well known that the present POPE has never shared the extreme views of those who surrounded and guided Pius IX. The writings which he published, when Archbishop of Perugia, show a breadth and tolerance of mind of which his predecessor was incapable. When, however, he became POPE he found the whole spirit and machinery of the Vatican opposed to him. It must be remembered that the Pontificate of Pius IX. lasted over thirty years, and that his change from being a Liberal, and the hope of the Liberal party throughout Europe, to being an ultra-Conservative, took place two years after he became POPE. He thus had more than a quarter of a century in which to fill the offices of the Church with persons of his reactionary way of thinking. This was the difficulty which met LEO XIII. on his succeeding to the Papal throne. His intention undoubtedly was to carry out a policy of conciliation, but he found himself surrounded by men who were bent on hampering and thwarting him at every turn. It is said, on good authority, that, in order to dispel the fiction of the Papal "imprisonment," he had actually caused the carriages to be prepared in which to appear openly in the streets of Rome; and that at the last moment he was overborne by his advisers. As time passes the number of those who obtained office in the Church under Pius IX. will decrease; their places will be taken by others imbued with a less intolerant spirit; and, further, with the lapse of time, the impossibility of restoring the Temporal Power will become more and more evident. For several years after the entry of the national troops into Rome such a restoration was by no means out of the question. Had the Comte DE CHAMBORD ascended the throne of France in 1873, an attempt would certainly have been made to reinstate the POPE in his lost possessions. There is no Power in Europe which has any desire to do so now. Even a monarchical revolution in France, as circumstances now stand, could only benefit the clerical party in France itself. Nor must it be forgotten that the spirit of the age, which Pius IX. spent more than a quarter of a century in denouncing, cannot fail in time to influence the Catholic Church itself. Persons who have reason to know the facts of the case declare that the change in this direction within the Church has of late years gone much further than is commonly supposed by outsiders. The fact that the POPE is known to harbour more conciliatory sentiments towards the modern world than those of his predecessor will encourage all who share his views to speak out more freely. Taking all these facts together—the impossibility of restoring the Temporal Power; the firm but not unfriendly attitude of the Italian Government; and the growth of a more reasonable and conciliatory spirit within the Church—it may

fairly be hoped that an understanding between the Vatican and the Quirinal may ere long come within the range of practical politics.

That the CROWN PRINCE, while a guest at the Quirinal, should have been received with honour at the Vatican is evidence that the feelings of the Holy See have altered, not only towards Germany, but also towards Italy. An open recognition by the Papacy of the new state of things in the latter country cannot, indeed, be expected at present. But it will none the less surely come in the course of time. It is in harmony with all the traditions of Papal diplomacy to make concessions, if made be they must, gradually and in such a manner as to veil, so far as is possible, the fact that any concession has been made. The official clerical journals will, no doubt, strenuously deny that any departure has now been made from the uncompromising position taken up by the last POPE. But their declarations will deceive no well-informed person, and will not indeed be made for that purpose, but simply for form's sake. It is especially in reference to Italian Governments that the Papacy has always displayed this habit of diplomatic make-believe. All the complaints which Pius IX. and, to a less degree, the present POPE have published to the world have been really addressed, not to the Italian people, but to the Roman Catholic public outside Italy. It may be said, without doing injustice to either Pius IX. or to LEO XIII., that neither of them expected the protests which they from time to time have made against the policy of the Italian Government to be taken seriously in Italy. They were made, not to influence the minds of Italians, but to excite pity and enthusiasm abroad, and in the first years after the fall of the Temporal Power to procure, if possible, armed intervention on behalf of the Papacy. It is to be remarked that, though Italians form only a very small minority among Roman Catholics, yet the policy of the Roman Church is, and has been for several centuries, mainly directed by Italians. It is more than two hundred and fifty years since any but an Italian POPE has been elected. The last non-Italian POPE—the only respectable man who occupied St. PETER's chair during more than a generation—died amid the ridicule and execration of all Rome. At present, as during a long period in the past, the politics and diplomacy of the Roman Church are chiefly managed by Italians; while in no part of the Christian world is religious indifference so prevalent as in Italy. But the fact that the policy of the Church is guided by Italians gives to the Italian Government advantages in dealing with it which no other country possesses. The two parties to the controversy understand one another. They have lived too long together for there to be any room for illusion or deception on either side. While the Irish or Bavarian peasant sent in good faith a share of his hard-won earnings to the "Prisoner of the Vatican," there was not an Italian who did not know that the moment the POPE came out of his "prison" he would receive a respectful greeting from all but a handful of ultra-Radicals as hostile to the Monarchy as to the Papacy; while, if he preferred to remain in it, he had for his dwelling the most charming palace in the world. Now that all hope of a restoration of the Temporal Power has vanished, the situation has become clearer. The time will soon be over when the most ignorant can believe that the POPE is not now as free to exercise his spiritual functions as he was when a temporal ruler. He is, in fact, a great deal freer under the protection of a Great Power than when liable to be chased from Rome by the people of his own city, or coerced by robber-barons and dragged into exile by foreign despots. The reconciliation between Germany and the Vatican which the recent visit of the CROWN PRINCE seems to foreshadow may be taken as an earnest of a better understanding between the Vatican and the Quirinal. Even if peace between the two is not speedily made, a step towards peace has been taken; and, as there is no hope that the new order of things in Italy will be upset, the Church will do wisely, as it has so often done in the past, to adapt itself to the inevitable.

BELT v. LAWES.

THE judgment of the Queen's Bench Division in the case of *BELT v. LAWES* fortunately supplies no occasion for going once more into that complicated matter on the merits. That was sufficiently done long ago. The result will indeed be tolerably satisfactory to all who are not hopelessly-committed partisans. No one can impartially approve the fashion in which Mr. BELT's enemies set about to destroy, not merely his reputation, but his business; no

one who does not docilely follow Mr. Baron HUDDLESTON and Mr. Justice MANISTY in believing that the greatest artists of the day in England know nothing about art could believe that the wrong done to Mr. BELT's artistic, as opposed to his business, reputation was not somewhat overestimated at five thousand pounds. Some people may even think him a little over-parted with five hundred. But the judgment on the application for a new trial has been of real interest, inasmuch as it has touched on, though unfortunately not by unanimous decision settled, two points of much general importance, and likely to affect many other cases. These are the point of misdirection and the point of the value of expert evidence in artistic matters.

With regard to the former, it is not to be denied that many, perhaps most, lawyers hold that there was no misdirection in Baron HUDDLESTON's summing-up, even though they may admit that it was one-sided, and, more than that, that it was in the part relating to the evidence of Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON and his brethren positively wrong. Mr. Justice MANISTY takes this view very strongly indeed, and Mr. Justice DENMAN to a certain extent. This is of course rather puzzling to laymen, but it may without much difficulty be made clear to them. The technical contention apparently is that, as Baron HUDDLESTON had, as a judge, no right to direct the jury as to the real value of certain evidence, he could not misdirect them. It was their business, not his, to decide, and if they chose to be misled, it was their look-out. Had they come to him for or received from him direction on a point of law, and had he told them wrong, it would have been misdirection; but on a point of fact and common sense he was, to vary Lord COLERIDGE's excellent illustration, at liberty if he chose to tell them to disregard science, and listen to the earth-flatteners when they say that they see the surface of the earth to be flat. This is one of those nice quilllets of the law which happily, or unhappily, survive, though codifiers and law reformers do their worst. But in respect (to borrow the distinction now established) of misleading, as distinguished from misdirection, Lord COLERIDGE and Mr. Justice DENMAN agree; Mr. Justice MANISTY un luckily does not. He, like his learned brother who tried the case, apparently thinks that what the earth-flatteners say is evidence, and that what the scientific people and the circumnavigators and other such idle academic babblers say is not. This is very much to be regretted. But there are at least the opinions of two Judges out of the three present on this last occasion on what must be humbly held to be the right side. Even Lord COLERIDGE, perhaps, hardly put the case in this respect as convincingly as he might have put it. His illustration of the sunrise could hardly be bettered, though it may be varied and duplicated *ad infinitum*. There can be no doubt, for instance, that not a few of the victims of that new and curious art, recently revealed in a Parisian case, the *art de déboucher Moët*, might have been produced to swear that they saw the veritable corks drawn. But when, instead of instances and illustrations, definition is required, the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE may be thought to have weakened an immensely strong position somewhat by using the antithesis of fact and opinion. The safer antithesis is between intelligent opinion and unintelligent, between perception and illusion. It would be very rash to say that Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON is infallible in general; it is perfectly safe to say that the chances are crushingly against a trained sculptor, an artist of infinite accomplishment, and an authority removed from all suspicion of partiality, making a mistake in the particular case. It would be rash as well as improper to say that in the particular case any given sinner thought that Mr. BELT was executing a work of art when he was in reality merely fiddling cleverly with clay or marble. It is perfectly safe to say generally that no sculptor would have the slightest difficulty in thus deceiving his sitters. The fault of Mr. Baron HUDDLESTON's misleading, as it may now be fearlessly called, if it may not be called misdirection, was that he represented the extremely probable as nearly impossible and the extremely improbable as a thing so likely that its unlikelihood need hardly be taken into account. As to the public benefit which would arise from Mr. BELT's acceptance of the diminished damages, and the consequent saving of time, opinion on that point is not likely to be divided. It is unfortunate that on this point, as distinguished from those just discussed, the judgment in no way rebukes the encouragement by judges of a most mischievous and modern practice—the prolongation of trials beyond reason.

GAS AMALGAMATION.

THE Metropolitan Board of Works has asked the Board of Trade to withhold its approval from the proposed amalgamation of the Gas Light and Coke Company and the South Metropolitan Gas Company. The Board is doing no more than its duty in subjecting schemes of this kind to a very close scrutiny. The supply of gas in London is becoming dangerously like a monopoly. The Gas Light and Coke Company has swallowed up one undertaking after another on the north side of the river, and now it asks leave to repeat the process on the south side. If this fresh amalgamation is permitted, nearly the whole of London will depend for its gas upon this single Company. To the Metropolitan Board of Works this prospect is full of terrors. They see in it the subjugation of the ratepayers they represent to a tyranny which will trade on their necessities, and force them to buy artificial light at famine prices. In this respect the alarm of the Board seems to be exaggerated. It takes no account of the changed position which gas holds now from what it held before the invention of the electric light. As yet, no doubt, the electric light has fallen very far short of the sanguine expectations first excited by it. But it has only fallen short of them in the sense that their fulfilment has been delayed. The ingenuity of electricians has still more to do before the light will become as applicable for private houses as it is for public buildings, and until this happens its career as a rival of gas will not have begun. For the moment, it is true, invention seems to be at a stand. The electric light does more things of the same kind than it has done before, but it does not do any new things. But of all the motives that feed human ingenuity and human resolution, the sight of a rival who has the field altogether to himself and is tilling it to his remarkable and exclusive advantage is the most stimulating. If Londoners were served by one Gas Company, wholly bent on consulting its own immediate gain, it would not be long before some new and startling departure were taken in the way of electric engineering. The real function of the Metropolitan Board of Works in regard to schemes of amalgamation is rather criticism than discouragement. There is no great danger that the public will lose by them; but there is very real danger that the public will not gain by them as much as it may fairly look to do. If the shares of both the Gas Light and Coke Company and of the South Metropolitan Gas Company rose on the rumour that they were to be made one Company, it must have been because experts knew that the cost of supplying the united district will be less than that of supplying the districts separately. The aim of the Metropolitan Board should be to prevent the share of this saving from going into the pockets of the shareholders. That a part of it should go there is only reasonable, else why should the Companies be at the trouble of amalgamating; but it is equally reasonable that a part should go into the pockets of the consumers, since they, through the Board of Trade, have the power of giving or refusing assent to amalgamation. An end of this sort is only to be gained by bargaining. There is a consent to be given, and it is for the Metropolitan Board to take care that it is not given too cheaply. There is no very obvious reason why, instead of pressing upon the Board of Trade the necessity of caution in the interests of the public, they should ask it to decide that it has no power to approve the scheme.

When we turn to the particular holes which the Metropolitan Board has to pick in the scheme, there is certainly ground for finding fault. The South Metropolitan Gas Company, which under the scheme is wholly to disappear, sells its gas on terms which the Board declares to embody "the latest expression of the views of Parliament" on the subject. It would seem only reasonable, therefore, that the Company which proposes to take over everything else belonging to the South Metropolitan Company should take over these terms at the same time. Now in two important respects this seems not to be done. The South Metropolitan Company has a standard price of 3s. 6d. for the amount of gas for which the other Company has a standard price of 3s. 9d. Now this price of 3s. 6d. was fixed by Parliament in 1876, after a long and careful inquiry by a Select Committee; and whatever benefit the South London consumer derives from having a standard price less by 3d. than that charged on the other side of the river ought undoubtedly to be preserved to him. The question should be, not shall the customers of the South Metropolitan Company suffer

by the amalgamation, but shall the customers of the Gas Light and Coke Company gain by it? If both Companies will be the gainers by the change, there ought to be no difficulty in maintaining the standard price for the one set of customers and lowering it for the other. It may indeed be urged that it is not of much consequence at what figure the standard price is fixed when the actual price, as at present in South London, is considerably below it. The price now charged by the South Metropolitan Company is only 2s. 10d., and even at this figure the Company is able to divide profits at the rate of 12 per cent. A further ground of objection to the terms of the amalgamation is that the liability of the Companies to supply gas on a sliding-scale varying with the amount of dividend has disappeared. It is certainly more in keeping with the analogy of other trades that profits and prices should be determined by some mutual relation, than that prices should remain unchanged no matter what profits the vendor may be making. If the latter becomes the rule, it will be exceedingly hard to say in what particulars the conditions differ from those which would exist under a monopoly. It is an additional reason for binding down the Gas Light and Coke Company to assimilate its terms to those of the South Metropolitan Company that the latter have been already accepted as sufficient under circumstances which are identical with those that have now to be dealt with. When the Gas Light and Coke Company bought the undertaking of the London Gas Company, they undertook to charge no more for gas supplied to dwelling-houses in their southern district and to street lamps throughout their district than should be charged at the same time by the South Metropolitan Company. "It is now," says the Board, "proposed to abolish the separate existence of the South Metropolitan Gas Company, and with it the lower standard by which the Gas Light and Coke Company undertook to be governed."

MODERN FALCONRY.

THERE is a vague idea, even amongst people who know little of field sports, that falconry has not altogether died out in England. A hooded hawk is not an absolutely unknown sight in London, and from time to time there are accounts in the papers of certain feats performed by trained falcons. But beyond this very ill-defined impression that a few head of game and perhaps a few other birds and beasts are annually caught by means of the old sport, not one man in a thousand has any more knowledge of it than of alchemy or necromancy or any other obsolete mystery. Those who still addict themselves to it are regarded as eccentric enthusiasts, if not actual monomaniacs, engaged in a wild attempt to revive what is in reality a hopeless anachronism. Such unflattering criticisms have no doubt a spice of truth about them. For to suppose that the sport could ever be made popular again would be as quixotic as to imagine that modern armies would abandon firearms in favour of the pike and the bow; while as for the select few who do practise the art, they certainly need all the determination of zealots to face such obstacles as now beset them. A modern falconer is a sort of Ishmaelite, and feels that every man's hand is against him. He is accused of every crime, possible and impossible, with which a hawk can be taxed, from killing stray carrier-pigeons to frightening away the partridges off a whole estate, or perhaps even a whole parish. He finds it almost impossible to rent a country for hawking; and even when he has done so, he usually finds himself in hot water with the occupants of the surrounding properties. Should a hawk be lost, he meets with little assistance in recovering it or learning where it has been seen, and often does so only when it has been shot by a keeper or knocked on the head by some ignorant or malevolent rustic. He has a difficulty in procuring hawks, for almost every eyrie in the country is now either destroyed by the preservers of game or plundered by prowling naturalists or idle collectors of eggs. And when he has got and trained his hawks, there is a comparatively limited choice of quarry at which to fly them. Cranes and kites, formerly the most noble objects of pursuit, are practically extinct. Herons are not to be found in any country where a good flight could be had. Wild duck will not lie, as they once did, close enough to make it worth while to attempt them; and the same thing may be said of snipe, quail, landrail, and various other birds which once afforded good sport. Add to all this the increasing difficulty of finding a professed falconer, or even any servant capable of attending to the trained birds, and the impossibility of learning the art in any practical school, such as was formerly to be found in every baronial castle or hall throughout the land.

With all these obstacles staring them in the face, it is, perhaps, more to be wondered at that falconers should still exist than that they should be as few as they are. Possibly that small fraternity which does still cope with the dangers and troubles besetting the art is still more staunch in its devotion thereto than the old-fashioned falconers for whom things were made so smooth. Even in those

days King James I., discussing the relative merits of hunting and hawking, declared the latter to be attended with so many vexations and disappointments that only a few men, blessed with exceptional good temper, could find much real pleasure in it. If such was the case in days when it was felony to kill a trained hawk, and a high misdemeanour to take a falcon's eyrie, how angelic should the temperament be of the modern sportsman who sees his best falcon shot before his face, and knows that the slayer of it can snap his fingers over the exploit! To train and fly a hawk of one kind or other was in the middle ages a necessary accomplishment for every man of gentle birth; and, now that the task is increased tenfold in difficulty, it is natural enough that those who accomplish it should take the more credit to themselves. At any rate, it seems that of Englishmen now living who have been successful at the same time in hawking and other sports, the far greater number have stuck to the former in preference to any other. It would be unreasonable to suppose that the older sport is worse than it ever was, since its decline can be fully accounted for by the prevalence of shooting, which is as easy a means of filling the bag as the other is difficult. The surviving branches of the falconer's art are of course comparatively few; and so in like manner are the birds of prey employed. Lanners and Barbary falcons—once imported at a large cost, and flown with great success at game—are now only picked up by chance, and trained rather as a curiosity. The majestic Jerfalcon, whether of the Norway, Iceland, or Greenland variety, has been more often used, but not with the same effect as in the days gone by. Hobbies, which were once highly esteemed, and which for symmetry and powers of flight appear to surpass all other hawks, are only to be had by great good luck; and their management is also less well understood than it was. The four kinds now used at all generally are peregrines, merlins, goshawks, and sparrow-hawks; and of the former there are more trained every year than of all the rest put together. The capabilities of each of these species will sufficiently appear in considering the various flights now practicable.

Rook-hawking may be called the most popular, and probably the best also, of modern flights. It was by no means despised in ancient days, for the French and English kings, besides their first-rate falcons, used for more ambitious purposes, always kept a goodly array of peregrines for flying *à la corneille*. It is the peregrine which is still used for this purpose, and especially the "passage falcon," by which is meant a female bird caught during her first migratory passage, when she is about five or six months old. It is the fashion nowadays to prefer birds of this age, in the "red" or nesting plumage, to the older, or "blue" falcons; but this is probably a mistaken preference. The red falcon has, however, this advantage, that she is not in moult when taken, whereas the blue one is; and, therefore, suffers some slight injury by the interruption of the process. Accordingly, the Dutch falconers send over each year from Valkenswaard a supply of these splendid hawks; and it is only a few weeks ago that the last batch of eight or ten red falcons came over to be trained in England. The winter months are employed in reclaiming and getting these birds fit for a campaign on the open downs; and by the first days of spring they ought to be able to take the field. The rooks are then in fine fettle, strong on the wing, and give very much such a flight as we read of in ancient descriptions of heron-hawking. They "take the air" and go up in "rings" or circles, attempting to keep above the hawk; and, if worsted at this game, dash away down wind towards the nearest cover, eluding with great skill the stoops of the pursuing enemy. In order that they may not be overmatched, it is usual to fly only one hawk at a time; whereas in heron-hawking two were almost always flown together. It is in this flight that the wild-caught peregrine shows himself superior to the "eyess," which, having been taken young from the nest, has never had to find her own living for herself. Nevertheless, there are eyesses—and not only eyesses "falcons," or females, but the males, or "tiercels" also—which are good enough for rooks; and occasionally a peregrine which has been found of little or no use for game in the autumn will fly in grand form at rooks in the winter and spring. An old cock rook found quite in the open will sometimes take the hawk away two or three miles "as the crow flies" before he is taken or driven to cover; and now and then both birds will climb so high into the sky as to be lost to sight overhead. This kind of flight accordingly requires that the field should be well mounted; and the distance covered in a heavy day's work will often exceed forty miles.

The flight with peregrines at game is about as different from rook-hawking as anything could be. In the latter the hawk is suddenly unhooded, and thrown off at a passing rook which is already on the wing; in the latter she is quietly started, and allowed to mount slowly aloft before the game is sprung. In rook-hawking the falcon is always thrown off at a quarry which is to windward of her; in the other case the falconer's object is to arrange that the first stoop may be made down wind. Then, too, the qualification for a game hawk is not that stubborn perseverance which makes her follow a rook up into the clouds and keep on stooping at him "till all is blue," so much as the knack of mounting to a great height above man and dog, and thence coming down with the speed of a thunderbolt upon the low-flying partridge or grouse. A really good game-hawk will mount to a "pitch" of fully one thousand feet, and there remain for many minutes circling easily round. It is a pretty sight for any lover of animal life to see the hawk so "waiting on" above while the dog stands firm at the point below, each waiting obediently till the human actors in the scene run in and, by flushing the game, give the signal for the

peregrine to flash down like a meteor from her post. Game-hawking does not require so open a country as the sport before described; but there is need of first-rate dogs and of some considerable skill in arranging so that the hawk shall be in the right spot when the birds rise. For this purpose "eyesses" are good enough and more convenient than the passage-hawks. For the young peregrines, getting on the wing early in June and becoming strong fliers early in July, may well be prepared for the field by the middle or end of August; whereas the wild-caught hawks are at this time naturally undergoing the ordeal of the moult. Still the gentlemen who for two years past have achieved a brilliant success in grouse-hawking, besides using eyesses of the year, made a free use of several passage-falcons which had been flown at rooks in the spring. For grouse the larger and stronger "falcon" is more highly esteemed; but tiercels are as good, if not better, for partridges, and the best of them are quite able to deal with a young grouse.

The third and last of the now fashionable flights, for which peregrine tiercels are used, is at the wily magpie. In this the large party of which the field should consist has as much to do as the hawk. Their business is with sticks and stones, shouts, cries, and every sort of noise to oust the long-tailed quarry from the cover to which he has made his way. The hawk, which seems animated by as much excitement as the men, waits in the air overhead, and, after repeated shots, eluded by the most amusing dodges, at length secures his victim in the open. Besides these flights there are occasional slips at wild duck, stone-curlew, and other things. Gulls of various kinds have been flown at and taken; wood-pigeons are often knocked down by a passage-hawk returning from an unsuccessful flight at game or rooks; and, finally, it is quite possible to train strong female peregrines to kill hares.

The goshawk is an extremely rare bird, whether as eyess or wild-caught; but, when once secured, seems to be as good a servant as any one could desire. There is one now in the possession of a well-known English falconer, which has killed several hares, both white and brown, as well as rabbits almost innumerable. Another was caught in Holland this autumn and sent over here to be trained; and within the last few years there have been several which made great scores either at one or other kind of ground game. The goshawk can also be trained to take partridges or pheasants—in fact, it will fly at anything which gets up; but, in order to have a fair chance, it must be taken very close up to the quarry before being thrown off. There is in the flight of this short-winged hawk none of the high mounting and brilliant stooping of the true falcon. It hunts its quarry down in a more deliberate and dogged manner, and, being quite prepared to follow it into cover, often does execution where the nobler bird would be obliged to come back discomfited. Somewhat similar in its appearance and habits is the smaller sparrow-hawk, which is so difficult to reclaim that few modern falconers care to undertake the task. Female sparrow-hawks may be trained to take partridges; but in modern as in ancient times they are more commonly used for flying at hedgerow birds. The pursuit of a blackbird, redwing, or missel-thrush with one of these birds is an exact likeness of magpie-hawking, except that the little hawk, instead of waiting on in the air above, takes perch on the glove or hat of the falconer or on the top of the hedge. Considering how easily this sort of sport might still be had even in a rather enclosed country, it is certainly strange that there is not more of it amongst the countryfolk who were once so devoted to it.

The smallest and most docile of our English hawks is the merlin. This tiny creature is flown either singly or in pairs at moulting larks; and between the middle of August, by which time the eyesses are trained, and the beginning of October, they will fly this quarry with great success. The sport resembles heron-hawking even more than the flight at rooks; for the lark almost always goes up in spiral circles, and frequently gets so high into the clouds that both pursuer and pursued are lost to sight. But soon after the end of September, the larks having finished their moult, become too good to be caught by any trained merlins; and the latter are then either turned adrift, or kept to fly at blackbirds and other small birds, which they will do very much in the same way as sparrow-hawks. These are the diversions which amuse the score or so of amateur falconers who still keep alive the ancient art. They have been enjoyed more thoroughly of late than perhaps for thirty or forty years before—since the time, that is, when the Loo Club flew herons on the royal domains in Holland. How long they will survive it would be hopeless to conjecture. But in an age when sport of a legitimate kind, untainted by venality and blackguardism, is becoming more and more rare, there must be many men who, if they knew how to set about it, and what they might reasonably expect to do, would readily turn their hands to an amusement which has so much to recommend it besides mere sentiment and the verdict of mediæval sportsmen.

A SERVICE OF SONG.

HUMAN beings have, at different times and in different places, worshipped all kinds of things, material and immaterial, alive and inanimate, edifying and very much the reverse. Among the baser sort of gods remarkable men are perhaps the most re-

spectable; and it is gratifying to find, not only that the worship of fetishes is not extinct in England at the end of 1883, but that there is still going about among us a person who is literally adored by a set of followers numerous and respectable enough to print their form of worship and sell it for fourpence, or twopence if you take one hundred copies, in a pretty pink cover. We have been so fortunate as to secure a copy of "The People's William: a Week-night Service of Song on the Life of the Rt. Hon. Wm. Ewart Gladstone, M.P. Compiled and Arranged by the Rev. Wm. Thoseby," and we should fail in our duty to the public if we did not lay before them an account of how the pious Gladstonian worships his idol. The Service consists of hymns sandwiched between short readings, or sermons, giving an account of Mr. Gladstone's career, and taken, as a "Prefatory Note" informs us, "by the kind permission of the Rev. Hugh Gilmore, . . . from his Paper in the *Quarterly Review*." We regret that the number of the *Quarterly Review* which contained the reverend gentleman's lucubrations somehow escaped our notice. The hymns are chiefly noticeable for the spirit which has been stigmatized of late years with the nickname Jingo; and this is apparent in the one which opens the proceedings, and is shortly, but significantly, headed, "TUNE—Carey's." "Sing we a song," it begins, "of praise to-day, For battles fought and victories won, For strength vouchsafed upon our way, And noble work our cause has done; For joy that cometh after tears, And harvests reaped for fifty years." This inspiring ditty concluded, "Prayer" is offered, presumably to Mr. Gladstone; and the audience then composes itself to listen to the first instalment of the "Chairman's Address." Mr. Gladstone is so far like ordinary men that he had a father and a mother. From the one "he has his business qualities, his financial aptitude, his strength of will, his enterprise and greed of work"; from the other "his poetic sensibility, his refined taste, his moral fervour, his power of intense realization and burning enthusiasm." He went, when very young, to "Eton public school," where he displayed some of the prophetic power we should expect to find in a properly-constituted live fetich; for he wrote in the preface to the *Eton Miscellany*:—"There is something within me that bids me hope that I may be able to glide prosperously down the stream of public estimation." The something did not deceive him; he has certainly glided a very long way down the stream of public estimation prosperously enough, and it would be rash to say that he may not yet attain a still more remote depth. "Like most young men of his age, Mr. Gladstone was moved by the muse, and attempted [is not this a step in the direction of impiety?] to write in verse"; but "we do not think the laureate wreath was for him," which is to be regretted, as otherwise some of his own poetry might have been sung in his honour at week-night services. "His father was a Whig" and an admirer of Canning; Mr. Gladstone "was, in consequence, by inheritance a Tory. This early prejudice," however, he was, as we all know, destined to overcome. A disquisition about the Liberal party follows, from which we learn, among other things, that "It is assured that all things are working together for good." If it is assured that the Established Church, the House of Lords, and the Marquess of Salisbury are working together for good, it must be admitted that it sometimes adopts singular methods of testifying its assurance. The congregation next sings a cheery hymn entitled "Hold on, my brother," with reference apparently to the extension of the suffrage to the agricultural labourer:—

If your hand's on the plough, hold on, hold on;
Though the soil may be sterile and hard,
The ploughshare will make
The fallow ground break,
And the ploughman will have his reward.

The person of the fetich is then described. "He had by inheritance a healthy body," and, "by the blessing of God and a temperate mode of living," he has it still. When he entered the House of Commons "he had plump features," and, *à propos* of the House of Commons, it is remarked that "he has done more to enlarge its privileges and extend its fame than any man who has held sway within its walls." Reflection has led us to conclude that this somewhat obscure sentence must be intended to refer to the *clôture*. Then comes a characteristic dig at Lord Beaconsfield, of detested memory. "From the first he [Mr. Gladstone] favourably impressed the House. He had not to resort to any melodramatic tricks; to breakdowns and brilliant failures." After a comparatively dull hymn about the day when the right shall be with the might, and the might with the right, a few extremely compendious lines carry us through the gloomy and uninteresting period of Mr. Gladstone's life from 1834 to the moment when "In the election of 1868, the country, roused by his eloquence, swept the House of obstructionists, and sent him in as Premier with an immense majority." This joyful event is celebrated in one of the most remarkable hymns in the Service, of which we feel constrained to reproduce a considerable part:—

THE MERRY CHIMING OF THE BELLS.

Bells, bells, bells, bells!
Hear the merry chiming of the bells!
The merry chiming now we hear,
How sweet they fall upon the ear,
Bim bim bim bim bim bim bim,
Bim bim bim bim bim bim bim,
List to the merry chiming, chiming, chiming,
Chiming chime of the bells.

Ring, ring, swing, swing,
Ring out cheerily, sing out merrily,
Telling gaily of hope and joy,
Sweet bells ringing out, wild notes flinging out,
Songs and carols all tongues employ,
Bome, bome, bome, bome,
Ring out mournfully, harshly, dolefully,
Sad tales telling of grief and despair,
Bim bim bim bim,
Chime out joyfully, gaily, cheerfully,
Jingling merrily through the air.

The hymn of which this is the first stanza (and the second is like unto it) having jingled merrily through the air, a short account is given of Mr. Gladstone's principal essays in legislation—a very short account, considering that "there are few great Acts for the benefit of the people which have not borne his image and superscription." It concludes thus:—"During his administration there was established a precedent which will form the basis for the adjustment of the differences between nations by the arbitrament of reason instead of the sword, which we hail as the beginning of the end of the rule of brute force, and the dawn of the day of which the prophets have spoken, when the deadly implements of war shall be turned into implements of industry, and men shall learn war no more." No sooner are these glowing anticipations of a Geneva millennium out of the preacher's mouth, than the congregation bursts into a hymn entitled "We'll Conquer," beginning, "We are a youthful army, our banner waves on high," and having the following chorus, which is nothing if not belligerent—

We'll conquer! we'll conquer! Behold o'er land and sea
Our banner floating in the breeze, the ensign of the free.
We'll conquer! we'll conquer! our song shall ever be—
All glory to our conqu'ring king who gives the victory—

in Midlothian or elsewhere, we presume. Gunpowder and glory ring even more unmistakably through the next hymn, which contains such reprehensible expressions as "No surrender, no surrender, In the cause of truth and right! Give the enemy no quarter, we must conquer in the fight," and "No surrender, no surrender, See the hosts of Satan fly! Push them hardly, push them closely! Now the victory is nigh." This might have been sung at Tel-el-Kebir, or at Majuba Hill by the Boers. It is worthy of remark that throughout the Service no allusion, except the one already mentioned to the Geneva arbitration, is made to foreign affairs. One advantage of this is that it enables the officiating minister to assert that Mr. Gladstone "has never had to vacillate, taking a position to-day from which he has had to withdraw to-morrow, saying one thing one day and contradicting it the next." Anon Mr. Gladstone's public virtue is held up to admiration; and, inasmuch as no one ever denied it, we are forced to suppose that this is done for the purpose of drawing a certain edifying contrast. "Many have recently prated of patriotism; but he has given the truest proof of it, for, though comparatively a poor man, and pressed more than is generally known, so that he has had to part with his large house in town, and, what to him is no doubt a greater sacrifice, his works of art and articles of vertu, he has refused to accept the pension which properly falls due to him, that he might not add to the burdens of the people. Others [should it not have been "Another"?] have greedily grasped at all they could get, and bedecked themselves with garters and gilded coronets." No doubt every schoolboy in the congregation has heard of the vast piles of wealth accumulated by the fantastic hero of breakdowns, who consummated a career of corruption and iniquity by bedecking himself with a garter and a gilded coronet. Excuse is made for a failing which is said to be urged against the object of worship; "It is said that he seldom laughs. It is not because he is wanting in humour, but because he is so oppressed with the solemn sense of the responsibility of life, so devoted to the advancement of what he believes the truth, that he cannot afford to fall into the hilarious mood." No one who remembers certain ponderously facetious rebukes administered to Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett would suggest that the Premier was wanting in humour; but this passage well betokens the solemnity that should enshroud our notions of a divinity even of the second class.

These fine feelings, however, are destined speedily to receive a shock. It is all very well to worship Mr. Gladstone, and hold services of song in adoration of him; but can it be respectful to draw an imaginary picture of him going stark mad in the park at Hawarden? Yet suddenly we come upon this:—

Where perchance he may now and again sing to the birds. Might not the birds, those beautiful birds, represent—Freedom! Political Freedom! the Sovereignty of Ideas! the Monarchy of Mind! the Republic of Intellect! Free Thoughts! Free Speech! Free Press! Free Churches in a Free State! until there shall be no party but God, and no politics but religion—the Mighty Christ all in all.

COME, BIRDIE, COME.

Beautiful Bird of Spring has come,
Seeking a place to build his home,
Warbling his song so light and free,
Beautiful bird, come live with me.
Come live with me, you shall be free,
If you will come and live with me.

I'm all alone, come live with me, come live with me.

Chorus.—Come, birdie, come and live with me;
We will be happy, light, and free;
You shall be all the world to me;
Come, birdie, come and live with me.

After singing this hymn one would expect the people to go home

and try to reconcile the Monarchy of Mind with the Republic of Intellect; but they do not. They have yet to be told how Mr. Gladstone once preached, "not an actual sermon," but something very like one, for it was addressed to the divinity students of King's College, and it had a text, or at least was "based upon the phrase in the Epistle to the Romans, 'The righteousness which is by faith.'" It was preached, at an hour's notice, for the late Bishop of Winchester, and it must have been a remarkable performance, since there is quoted the approval of it by one of the listeners, "whom it touched into a nobler view of the reality of life and its higher aims." The final instalment of discourse winds up with a peroration calling the object of worship "the most illustrious ornament of the House of Commons—the ULYSSES OF THE LIBERAL PARTY—the Grand Old English Gentleman." But we notice that from beginning to end of this truly remarkable performance not one word has been said or sung referring in any way whatever to Mr. Bradlaugh or the actions of the Prime Minister with respect to him. One more hymn, ending with a prolonged burst of Hallelujahs, *fortissimo*, and then we come to the legitimate termination of such services—"Collections, Votes of Thanks, &c." After which the congregation sings itself out of chapel (or schoolroom, as the case may be) with a religious, but not over-loyal, parody of "God Save the Queen." Bim, bim, bim, bim. Bome, bome, bome.

PROFESSOR BONAMY PRICE ON CLASSICAL EDUCATION.

IN a story quoted in the *Life of Lord Lytton*, where he is supposed to be recording, under the sobriquet of "Lionel Hastings," his own schoolboy experiences, the youthful hero is made to answer his tutor's remonstrance on his neglect of Latin verse with the "somewhat pert" remark that he "has no desire to succeed when it is a merit not to be original." The pertness of the reply, which is obvious, is hardly its worst fault. How far it is meant to represent the late Lord Lytton's mature conviction we are unable to say, but classical scholarship is not a subject on which his warmest admirers would claim any special weight for his judgment. Be that as it may however, the criticism is sufficiently common to show that for casual observers it has a certain air of plausibility. That it proves too much, if it proves anything at all, does not occur to them. In the first place it has of course no exclusive application to the time-honoured custom of writing Greek and Latin verse, which is unfortunately coming in danger of being honoured rather in the breach than in the observance in some of our public schools, but applies equally to Latin and Greek composition of all kinds, whether in verse or prose; and the bitterest assailants of the first usually profess what we must hope is a sincere desire to retain the last intact. In the next place the objection would prove equally fatal to composition of all kinds and in all languages, ancient or modern, if used as an instrument of education. Originality is not an acquirement but a gift, and a rare gift; to imagine that it can be acquired by rejecting the aid of rules and models, is much like imagining that a boy without ear or voice might by a steady refusal to study his notes attain the position of a Mario. Nor can even originality, where it does exist, afford to dispense with extraneous aids. To refuse to write Latin verse because success depends on a familiarity with the best models of Latin poetry is as though a poetical aspirant should resolve to remain ignorant of Shakespeare and Milton and Shelley on the ground, *poeta nascitur, non fit*. It is not however the special point of verse composition, so much as the general question of classical training, of which it forms an integral portion, that engaged the attention of Professor Bonamy Price the other day, in what we may gather even from the brief summary in the *Times*, to have been the extremely interesting and suggestive lecture he addressed to the Leeds Philosophical Society. We need hardly add that this is a subject on which Mr. Bonamy Price speaks with all the authority, not only of a ripe and deliberate judgment, but of a large experience. He was one of the most distinguished of the Rugby masters in the golden age of Rugby under Dr. Arnold, and he numbered among his pupils several of those whose names have contributed to make Rugby famous. When such a man comes forward to tell us that "there is in the existing system of education," as compared with that he remembers at an earlier period of his career, "much that is fearful to contemplate," we may be sure that we are listening to no shrieks of an hysterical alarmist or pedantry of a narrow conservatism—for the lecturer is both a Liberal and a man of wide and varied culture—but to the grave warning of one who has grown grey in the labour of education and who thoroughly understands what he is talking about. If he does not scruple directly to traverse some pet theory in vogue just now, and which a shallow sciolism might be disposed to swallow on faith as part and parcel of the authorized Liberal programme, it is well to remember that everything new is not therefore true, and that Liberals can on occasion be quite as bigoted and dogmatic as their opponents. In the recent contest at Oxford one of Mr. Horton's opponents, who is himself a Nonconformist, was heard remarking in the Theatre, "I am come here to vote *non placet* in the interests of religious toleration." And the remark was just.

The first point to which Mr. Price refers is the modern use or abuse of competitive examinations. He observes that a correspondent of the *Times* has attributed to this cause the mental

deterioration perceptible among members of the Civil Service in India, and has rightly insisted that it arises from an imperfect understanding of the real nature and scope of education. The competitive system of Civil Service appointments for India was introduced chiefly through the urgent advice of Lord Macaulay, who, with all his brilliant powers, was always something of a Whig doctrinaire, and it is remarkable that his favourite organ, the *Edinburgh Review*, if our memory serves us, commented severely some few years ago on its failure. This was indeed by many anticipated from the first, but they were laughed out of court as mere stupid reactionaries, and now—as Lord Melbourne once remarked on the failure of another class of Liberal predictions—"the strange thing is that the fools (i.e. Conservatives) were all on one side, and the wise were all on the other, and the fools have turned out to be right in the end." The mischief does not lie in the fact of having examinations, or even necessarily perhaps in their being competitive, though it is worth noting that in this respect the Oxford examination system—to the "transcendent excellence" of which in former days Professor Price bears testimony—always differed from the Cambridge, but in the method of conducting them, which presupposes and puts a premium upon cram. "Cramming was the cause of all the mischief. Teaching was a pleasure, but assuredly cramming was not." That cramming, if not a pleasure, is often a source of profit, not to the crammed but the crammer, there can unfortunately be no doubt. Our readers may possibly recollect an amusing correspondence in the *Times* not many months ago when a professional crammer had claimed the merit of preparing a successful candidate for the Civil Service examination, who immediately replied that he had been six years at Wellington College and only a fortnight with the aforesaid crammer, whose advice—to leave school at once—he had moreover, fortunately for himself, declined to follow. That however is another matter. Crammers are made for studious youth, not studious youth for the crammer. And if the net result of their method of—we cannot say education, but—instruction, however profitable to themselves, is found to be "the perceptible mental deterioration," sometimes passing into insanity, of those who undergo the process, the system stands condemned. It is like attempting to feed a human stomach on the dietary methods of a boa constrictor, which would hardly prove conducive to healthy digestion. The youthful scholar may possibly "hear, read, and mark," but cannot be expected to "learn" in any true sense of the word, still less "inwardly to digest," the knowledge supposed to be conveyed by such a process. The mistake is based on a radical misconception of the proper end and aim of education, to which Mr. Price directs attention a little further on. But meanwhile he has done well to emphasize in passing one detail of the Oxford, as generally of the public school system of examination, to which he reasonably ascribed in this connexion a high importance. "Great was the power of *viva voce* in teaching, and equally great in examinations. It made the student feel that his only chance of facing an examiner lay in understanding the subject." And he adds that in former times it was chiefly this criterion which decided the fitness of a candidate for honours at Oxford. It has been said that reading makes a full, writing an accurate, speaking a ready man. And this readiness, when subjected to the Socratic test of cross-examination, supplies an adequate measure of real familiarity with the bearings of the matter in hand, as distinguished from a mere artificial *memoria technica* of "bits" and "tags," which an ingenious crammer can always manufacture to order, and an ingenious examinee—if we may be allowed the convenient coinage—will with equal facility assimilate, reproduce, and forget.

But, as we have already hinted, the *πρώτον ψεύδος* of the cramming system, as of many popular educational crotchets of the day, lies in a fundamental misapprehension of the true meaning of education, which is not to stock the mind with the largest available quantity of what is called "useful" information—that is, of special knowledge having an immediate marketable value—but "to develop and train the intellectual faculties of youth," to afford to the youthful learner that mental gymnastic which the Greek palaestra offered to his bodily development, and thereby to qualify him for dealing hereafter, in a masterly and not merely mechanical manner, with any particular subject-matter professional or other that may demand his attention. It is not so much in the first instance the acquisition of knowledge for its own sake as the cultivation and strengthening of "the thinking power of the pupil" in the process of acquiring it that is of primary importance. Dr. Arnold used to say "that it was not knowledge but the means of gaining knowledge which he had to teach." And hence as regards the classics the first question to be asked is not simply whether a very high interest and value does not attach—as it certainly does—to that "everlasting possession" of literature bequeathed to us by Greece and Rome, but whether, for those who have leisure and opportunity to pursue it before entering on the practical work of life, classical study does not offer the most effective instrument for developing the mind? To this question Mr. Bonamy Price—speaking, we repeat, from the vantage-ground of a long and wide experience—replies with a decided affirmative. "Arithmetic, history, and geography were universally taught, and physical science was now advancing in public estimation. These were good things for study, but they lent themselves too readily to the practice of cramming. In his opinion no educational instrument could be compared in power and value with the study of the Greek and Latin languages. Greek pre-eminently had no equal. It was the best, the strongest, the most fruitful instructor known to man." But if this be so—and

our own judgment is entirely in accord with the lecturer's—he was only too well justified in adding that "at no time was the proclamation of this great truth more needed than now." It is the fashion to sneer at the study of the dead languages as an unpractical archaism. But the educational value of classical study depends in great measure, as Mr. Price points out, on the very fact that it is a study of dead languages. "The dead languages could not be learnt by the ear; a Greek or Latin sentence was a nut with a strong shell concealing the kernel, a puzzle demanding reflection, the adaptation of means to an end, and many efforts of thinking. Every part of the student's intellectual being was thus brought into play; his knowledge, his intelligence was summoned to work hard, and he was called upon every moment to perform acts of selection or judgment." This is the real answer to the popular cuckoo cry for substituting French and German as the staple of a boy's education. It is quite true that a mastery of classics is far the best preparation for the study of the languages of modern Europe, but it is not the whole truth. Even were this not so, or were there no sufficient motive for the acquisition of modern languages, it would equally hold good that, for the reasons indicated by Mr. Price, no educational instrument can compare in power and value with the study of Greek and Latin, and especially Greek. We will add that as a rule those only who are familiar with the classical languages have a thorough command of their own. No doubt it is well to superadd to the curriculum of classical study such acquisition of "useful knowledge" as may be fairly practicable, but it is important to remember—what educational theorists are exceedingly prone to ignore—that the mind and memory as well as the years of boyhood are limited, and that a knowledge of one thing is far better than a smattering of half a dozen. There is a typical as well as an historical truth in the well-authenticated story of the hard-driven schoolboy who had suffered many things from many modern teachers till, on being called up one day to repeat the present tense of the German auxiliary verb, he broke into a spasmodic cry of "*Je bin, vous bist, il bit.*" Even useful knowledge, when it is laid on too thickly, is apt to get a little mixed. The result on the average boy of a régime of unlimited cram will not indeed be to overwhelm his mind with a multiplicity of useful, or useless information, but to leave it wholly uneducated. It will achieve the manufacture of an occasional prig, but much oftener of a contented ignoramus. He may be an ignoramus who "has passed his exam," but there are authentic stories serving to prove that a youth who has passed with flying colours through his Civil Service examination, after a fortnight's manipulation at the hands of a practised crammer, may a fortnight later be as innocent of any knowledge whatever of the subjects he was crammed in as though, like Mr. Anthony Trollope in the good old days, he had been accepted without any examination at all. What has never for a moment been suggested to him, by his instructors or his own experience, is precisely what, according to Mr. Bonamy Price, the old classical method of training made every student feel; "that his only chance of facing an examiner lay in understanding the subject."

READINGS IN RABELAIS.

OPPORTUNELY enough, after certain discussions as to the suitability of Rabelais for modern readers, Mr. Besant publishes his "Readings" in that author. We have already observed, in reference to Professor Henry Morley's expurgated Rabelais, that this author does not well bear expurgation. A scholar is tempted to sympathize with what Scott said about Dryden, rather than with the conduct of Bowdler and of Cronus in the Hesiodic myth. "Take me all in all or not at all," Rabelais seems to cry, but the difficulty is that he cannot be taken all in all by seven-eighths of the reading public—namely, by women. Sainte-Beuve remarked, with perfect truth, that even Nicon de l'Enclos could scarcely read Rabelais, and probably M. de Grignan made discreet omissions when he read this author aloud to Mme. de Sévigné. But in this curious age people will insist on looking into every book they hear spoken about, and Rabelais is as much spoken about (so M. Fleury remarks) as he is little read. It would scarcely be wise to put the *Curé* of Meudon "into the hands of the young," and to tell them that this and that chapter must be skipped, this and that door must not be opened. Most of Rabelais's chapters contain matter that may well be skipped, and the whole wisdom of our ancestors shows us that ladies will peep into the forbidden room in Bluebeard's palace.

Mr. Besant has therefore published selections from Rabelais; and why should we not have selections from Rabelais as well as from Landor? They are not selections without a rational sequence and order. They are not produced by the simple mechanism of a pair of scissors and a pot of gum. They have a definite object, "to illustrate the wisdom of Rabelais. As for his stout heart, his cheerfulness, and his brave face, these are apparent in every page, and need no one to point them out." In place of using the ordinary scissors plied on a copy of the English version as supplied by Bohn, Mr. Besant has adopted what we consider the best mode of translating a classic. In the English of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries there are many old translations, both of Greek, Latin, and French writers. These renderings are often, perhaps always, diffuse, and almost necessarily fall short of the accuracy which modern

scholarship demands. But, with all their faults, these old versions have an idiomatic energy and a freedom from modern newspaper English which it is becoming difficult to attain. You can hardly reach it by writing "archaistic" old English, English that imitates the style of Mallory or of the Bible. That method is in peril of affectation; and, again, the translator is apt to stumble lamentably over some bit of incongruous modern style. Examples may be found in a book which has many merits, and is hard to come by, Mr. John Payne's new translation of *The Thousand and One Nights*. Just in the same way the author of *John Inglesant* makes Charles I. say that "a reaction is setting in, in favour of Laud." Charles I. was almost as likely to talk of phonetic decay and the survival of the fittest as to speak in this manner. The remedy (in translation) for these errors is to take the text of an old translation and bring its scholarship up to the modern mark, while avoiding the sins of the revisers of the New Testament. A capital English version of Lucian (which is very much wanted) might be produced in this manner, and probably other classics might thus be made presentable to the English reader. This, too, has been the method of Mr. Besant. "The translation made by Urquhart," he says, "has one grave fault; the translator allows himself continually to improve and enlarge upon the author. I have therefore compared every word of the parts selected with the original, and in many cases have retranslated whole passages. If Urquhart sins in this respect, much more does Motteux." Both translators introduce their own "gag," which Mr. Besant casts into the waste-paper basket. We may quote a short passage, taken at random, from the old translation with Mr. Besant's rendering. The changes are few, and apparently slight; but they bring the English closer to the original, and at the same time present a much more lucid meaning to the general reader. After mentioning all the oracles of the ancient world, as possibly useful to persons about to marry, Epistemon says:—

OLD VERSION.

I would in that case advise you, and possibly not, to go thither for their judgment concerning the design and enterprise you have in hand. But you know that they are all of them become as dumb as so many fishes, since the advent of that Saviour King, whose coming to this world hath made all oracles and prophecies to cease; as the approach of the sun's radiant beams expelleth goblins, bugbears, hob-thrashes, brooms, screech owl-mates, night-walking spirits, and tenebrions. These now are gone; but although they were as yet in continuance and in the same power, rule, and request that formerly they were, yet would not I counsel you to be too credulous in putting any trust in their responses. Too many folks have been deceived thereby.

READINGS FROM RABELAIS.

I would advise you, perhaps I should not advise you, to go thither for their judgment concerning your enterprise. But you know that they are all of them become more dumb than fishes, since the advent of that Saviour King, whose coming to this world hath made all oracles and prophecies to cease; as when cometh the sun's clear light vanish all goblins, ghosts, spectres, were-wolves, and spirits of darkness. Even though they were yet in continuance, yet would not I counsel you to be too credulous in putting any trust in their responses. Too many folks have been deceived thereby.

Here we certainly miss "hob-thrashes" in the revised version, because a hob-thrush sounds like a very fearful wild fowl. His species may be left to the Ornithological Committee of the Folklore Society. Neither version throws much light on *Farfadet*, nor can we.

In his choice of selections most Rabelaisians will applaud Mr. Besant. The first chapter strikes the loud note of revelry with the descriptions of the feast at which Gargantua was born. In the account of his youth, the story of his lubberly feats is not too much prolonged. It is not calculated, to tell the truth, to make the hesitating modern reader go on. As to his education, will the modern reader see the fun? Has he ever heard of "Donat, Faret, Theodolet, and Alanus in parabola"? Will he be able to understand the chaff about the *Compost*. We certainly seem to need the notes of M. Le Duchat. But the shortest plan will probably be for him who adventures himself in *Readings from Rabelais* to study first Mr. Besant's "Rabelais" in *Foreign Classics*, without placing implicit faith in what is there said of Ronsard and Du Bellay, for the same will not hold water, and is an unlearned tradition of the commentators. Things become much clearer when the old learning and the new meet in the lists of dispute, and Gargantua is converted to the Greek education of the Renaissance. Education is interrupted by war, and what follows is a satire on the aimless feuds and encounters of the age of chivalry, perhaps of all ages. The prodigious burlesque feats of Gargantua (who has ceased to be the type of revived learning, and is the old popular giant again) are cut pretty short; we make the acquaintance of Friar John, and then we enter the Abbey of Thelema, the most famous and one of the most beautiful passages in Rabelais.

If Mr. Alfred Austin still thinks our age unusually ostentatious in personal display, he may read the descriptions of costume in Thelema and be converted. Bunthorne himself would have been at home in the costume of the monks:—

The men were apparelled after their fashion. Their stockings were of worsted or of serge, of white, black, or scarlet. Their breeches were of velvet, of the same colour with their stockings, or very near, embroidered and cut according to their fancy. Their doublet was of cloth of gold, cloth of silver, velvet, satin, damask, or taffety, of the same colours, cut, embroidered, and trimmed up in the same manner. The points were of silk of the same colours, the tags were of gold enamelled. Their coats and jerkins were of cloth of gold, cloth of silver, gold, tissue, or velvet embroidered, as they thought fit. Their gowns were every whit as costly as those of the ladies. Their girdles were of silk, of the colour of their doublets. Every one had a gallant sword by his side, the hilt and handle whereof were gilt,

and the scabbard of velvet, of the colour of his breeches, the end in gold, and goldsmith's work. The dagger of the same. Their caps were of black velvet, adorned with jewels and buttons of gold. Upon that they wore a white plume, most prettily and minion-like parted by so many rows of gold spangles, at the end whereof hung dangling fair rubies, emeralds, &c.

The Limousin, with his Latinized patter, is not omitted; but we could have dispensed with the practical jokes of Panurge. They are so much less jocular than practical. The visit of Epistemon to Hades, with the view of the futura life, is as necessary in Rabelais's romance as in the *Odyssey* or the *Kalewala*. In Hades (oddly enough the same belief prevails in the Solomon Islands) Epistemon finds all ranks reversed, and Xerxes a crier of mustard. Panurge on debt and marriage makes much sport, and we end, of course, with the search for the Bottle. And what does the Bottle mean? what truth has the Oracle to tell which the wanderers have not found among the isles they discovered and among the fragments of the ruined mediæval world. Here we must let Mr. Besant sum up the matter in his own words:—

The meaning of the oracle, as expounded by the priestess, seems plain. In it we see the creed of Rabelais. He differed from the theologians and the speculative scholars of his time in two most important respects. He did not, like Calvin, Luther, and Roussel, take his stand upon the New Testament. He did not, like Dolet and Desperiers, take Cicero for an evangel. He was, in the first place and before all, a student of Nature, a man of science; and, in the second, a scholar. The Gospel was associated in his mind with the degradation of the cloister; it belonged to monkery. When he emerged, he left it behind him in the stern religious light of the monastery chapel, and never cared to look at it again. He built up his own religion for himself. God is everywhere: this man's mind was filled with the omnipresence, the perfection, the order, the benevolence of God. Not only in times of danger, but as an act of daily duty, does his wise prince supplicate and revere God the Creator; while in the harmony of the stars, and in the admirable mechanism of the body, Rabelais, astronomer, physicist, and anatomist, saw not only a physical order of which human intellect can grasp only portions, but he deduced also, by analogy, the laws which should govern societies and individuals. The conduct of life should be ruled, had we the knowledge, in strict accordance with the laws of nature. It is man's first duty to acquire knowledge, to give and impart knowledge, like the inhabitants of Lantern Land: there is nothing in all the world worth having but knowledge, and especially physical science. Let every man possess his soul with cheerfulness; let him eat; let him drink; let him enjoy the golden sunshine and the purple wine; let him sing, laugh, and talk with his fellows; let him exhort and be exhorted continually to study, to the practice of research, to patience, and to charity; let him have faith in the Divine Creator. Live according to the laws of the world. Nature laughs. God rules in sunshine.

And about the soul? and about a future world? Go ask your oracles, says Rabelais, and see what answer they will give. But the good God, who has created this wondrous cosmos, who gives us His continual grace to make us love learning and each other, reigns. Let us trust Him, because there is none other that fighteth for us.

Perhaps Rabelais did not so absolutely "leave the Gospel behind him." Certainly some authorities of competence would demur to Mr. Besant's assurance. It is hard, perhaps impossible, to discover his shade of faith. It served him in a hopeful time; perhaps it would serve him as well to-day.

Mr. Besant expresses some doubt as to whether Rabelais can ever be popular. Probably he never can; but Mr. Besant has given him as fair a start as he can ever enjoy—in English. "Shakespeare is not popular—that is, he is not commonly read," and the people who dislike the creator of Falstaff are not likely to enjoy the creator of Friar John. To them may we not say—*meremini in peccatis vestris?*

THE WESTMINSTER PLAY.

IF the recent performances of Aristophanes at Cambridge and of Shakspeare at Oxford bear witness to a renewed connexion between learning and the drama, the recurrence of the Westminster Play reminds us that in one place at least that connexion has remained unbroken. There is none of her ancient customs of which Westminster has more reason to be proud than the annual performance of Latin comedy; there is certainly none in which so much interest is taken by the outside world.

Special interest attaches to this year's performance, owing to the fact that the *Trinummus* is the only comedy of Plautus which finds a place in the Westminster cycle. No doubt this play was chosen in preference to others by the same author on account of its freedom from anything which could offend against modern ideas of decency. Necessary as such considerations are, the choice is in some respects to be regretted. The *Trinummus* gives comparatively little idea of the chief characteristics of Plautus as contrasted with Terence. In scarcely any of his comedies do we find so little of the exuberant vigour and the intense love of fun for its own sake which distinguish him from his more refined successor. On the other hand, the plot is thoroughly well worked out, and the comic passages are for the most part useful in helping on the action of the play—a point of which Plautus is not always careful. The story is simple enough. Charmides, an Athenian citizen, has gone abroad to regain by trade the money which he has lost through the extravagance of his son Lesbonicus. He has committed his son and daughter to the care of his friend Callicles, to whom he has also confided the secret that he has buried within his house three thousand pieces of gold. Lesbonicus, having spent all the money that he can lay his hands upon, puts up the house for sale. Callicles, to save his friend's treasure from falling into the hands of strangers, buys the house and lives in it. Meanwhile Lysiteles, a prosperous young Athenian, has fallen in love with the sister of Lesbonicus, and persuades his father Philto to allow him to marry

her without a dowry, which he knows Lesbianicus has no means of giving. The conclusion of the match is delayed by the pride of Lesbianicus, who insists on giving as his sister's portion a piece of land, the sole remnant of his fortune, while Lysiteles and Philto as firmly refuse to accept it. When Callicles hears of the proposed marriage, he resolves to provide a dowry from the buried hoard. He does not dare to do this in his own name, for fear of the ill-natured remarks of his fellow-citizens, while he knows that if he informed Lesbianicus of the hidden treasure it would soon be spent. By the advice of his friend Megaronides, he hires for the "tres nummi" which furnish the title of the comedy, a ready-witted knave, the sycophant of the play, to pretend that he comes from Charmides, bearing letters and money for Callicles. Callicles will then, of course, dig up some of the treasure and give the dowry as though it came directly from Charmides. This brings us to the most amusing scene in the play. Charmides himself comes home unexpectedly, and is about to enter his house when the sycophant appears. His strange dress and suspicious movements attract the attention of Charmides, who asks him his name and business. He tells the story with which he has been primed by Callicles and Megaronides, but unfortunately forgets the name of the intimate friend who has entrusted him with the money and the letters. Charmides amuses himself with the impostor's embarrassment, then helps him to the name, and asks him about his travels. The sycophant displays his knowledge of geography by placing Arabia in Pontus, and then describes the voyage of his imaginary friend and himself in a fishing-smack up to the source of the river which rises in heaven under the throne of Jupiter. Here Charmides stops him, reveals himself as the friend who had, according to the sycophant's story, confided to him a thousand gold pieces, and demands his money back. The sycophant is equal to the occasion. For a long time he refuses to believe that his interlocutor is really Charmides, and when at last convinced, he retires with undiminished impudence, firing at his "friend" a farewell volley of abuse. While Charmides is wondering what can be the meaning of the impostor's story, his slave Stasimus comes in, fresh from the wine-shop. After listening for a time to his drunken reflections on the decay of good customs, Charmides makes himself known, and hears of his son's misconduct, the sale of his house, and the supposed faithlessness of his friend. Overcome by the news, he falls half-fainting into the arms of Stasimus, when Callicles, whom their loud talking has disturbed in the very act of digging up the treasure, comes out spade in hand. All is soon explained, and the short fifth act brings the play to a satisfactory conclusion. Charmides accepts Lysiteles as his son-in-law, and the daughter of Callicles is betrothed in a rather offhand way to the spendthrift Lesbianicus, who proves his penitence and submission to his father's will by undertaking to marry "et eam et si quam jubebis aliam."

The play presents a far more pleasing view of human nature than is generally given in Latin comedy; while it is especially strong in studies of character. Of the four old men by whom the action is so largely carried on, not one is either mean, or foolish, or ill-natured. Callicles, in the face of considerable difficulties, honourably and wisely fulfils the task which has been committed to him, and he is well supported by his outspoken friend Megaronides. Charmides in the encounter with the sycophant fares very differently from the two old men who are pitted against the parasite in Terence's *Phormio*. The sycophant is his butt, not he the sycophant's, and, in spite of his outburst of rather impotent rage at the end of the scene, he is master of the situation throughout; while there is much of dignified courtesy in his manner of forgiving his son at the request of his future son-in-law. But Philto, slightly as his character is sketched, is to our mind perhaps the most pleasing figure in the play. The eagerness of fathers that their sons should marry for money is one of the commonplaces of Latin comedy; but Plautus has here neglected the opportunity of an easy piece of satire on old age. Philto, after the one astonished cry, "Sine dote uxoremne?" which the father's soul requires, gracefully acquiesces in his son's desire to marry the portionless sister of the spendthrift, and even consents to urge his suit. The lines in which he comments on his decision contain reflections suitable to old men of all times:—

Non optima hæc sunt, neque ut ego æquum censo;
Verum meliora sunt quam quæ deterumina.
Sed hoc unum consolatur me atque animum meum,
Quia qui nil aliud nisi quod sibi soli placet
Consulat advorsum filium, nugas agit:
Fit miser ex animo, factus nihilo facit.
Sue senectuti acriorem biemem parat,
Quom illam importunam tempestatem conciet.

The character of the slave Stasimus profits by the higher tone which prevails throughout the comedy. The merit of his fidelity to his young master Lesbianicus is not lessened by any attempt to delude his old master Charmides. There are few slaves in the whole range of Latin comedy who show so much of the geniality of the character with so little of the roguery which generally accompanies it. The young men have more individuality than usual. The extravagance of Lesbianicus is to some extent redeemed by his generous resolve that his sister shall not suffer for his follies, while the virtues of Lysiteles are saved from insipidity by a strong spice of priggishness. It is worthy of note that the trick on which the action of a great part of the play turns is directed, not against the father, as generally happens, but against one of the heroes, and it is frustrated in the happiest way by the appearance of Charmides, whose return renders it unnecessary.

The acting at Westminster this year is quite up to the average, and all the performers are especially good in the matter of elocution. Perhaps the delightful scene between Charmides and the sycophant might have gone a little better had Mr. Collier, who played the latter part, delivered his lines rather more briskly; but his utterance was very distinct, and he made all his points tell. His exit was particularly effective. Of the comic scenes the best played was undoubtedly that in which Stasimus persuades Philto to refuse the dowry by giving a formidable list of the misfortunes which have befallen the possessor of the land. The acting of Mr. Bethune as Stasimus, both in this scene and throughout the play, was excellent. His make-up was very good, and his gestures natural and effective. The young actor's difficulty—what to do with his hands—troubled him not at all. He was scarcely so successful in the drunken scene as in the rest of his part, but everywhere else his rendering was as good as could be desired. Mr. Lowe was a most satisfactory Lesbianicus. He carried himself very well, and his acting in the scenes with Philto and with Lysiteles was vigorous and unconstrained. Indeed, in all except the management of his hands, the master was as good as the slave. Of the old men perhaps Mr. Shebbeare as Callicles was the best. He did all in his power to prevent the rather tedious first act from going heavily.

The plot of the epilogue is rather confused, and some of the characters are a little too familiar; but the dialogue is cleverly written. The prospects of agriculture are first discussed by Callicles, a farmer, Stasimus, a soldier who has just returned from Egypt, and a chorus of labourers. While Callicles is pondering over his misfortunes Lesbianicus and Lysiteles enter as undergraduates, the one of Oxford, the other of Cambridge. A dispute as to the merits of the two Universities follows, and the well-known epigrams about the present of books to Cambridge and the sending of a troop of horse to Oxford are quoted. Philto and Megaronides then appear, the one as an advocate of the Channel Tunnel, the other as a Manchester merchant interested in the ship canal, and Philto declares that

Orator veluti *Clarus* nunquam mare amavi;

but the allusion to Mr. Bright was not generally seized by the audience. He concludes his appeal by promising that, if his scheme is carried out,

Sub pelago jungent ranaque bosque manna.

After a speech from Lesbianicus, advocating art as a remedy for human ills, Charmides enters as a British general, weary of civic feasts, who wishes to join the brotherhood of labourers. When he complains of the excessive quantities of turtle-soup which he has been compelled to eat, Stasimus interrupts him:—

Gerra! congeries congrorum incongrua jus est,
Nec minimum frustum turturis invenias.

The sycophant next appears, and says that he has visited all seas and lands, "*Cogno duce et auspice*." He advises emigration to Canada and the diamond-fields of Africa, and pulls out a bundle of papers with the words—

τηλεγραφήματα quin legitote novissima; (aside) boga;
Crevit ut e verbis fabula tanta tribus.

He is carried off by the orders of Charmides, and the epilogue closes with words of farewell to the late Head-master, and of welcome to his successor.

The prologue, admirably recited by Mr. Webb, the Captain of the Queen's Scholars, dealt mainly with the retirement of Dr. Scott, after a mastership of twenty-eight years. Westminster, old and present, have many good reasons for regretting their late chief; to frequenters of the Westminster Play he was known principally as the writer of exquisite Latin iambics, and some may have wondered whether his departure would be the cause of any falling off in the excellence of the prologue. If there were any such, they must have been reassured on Tuesday and Thursday last. The graceful tribute to Dr. Scott's work at Westminster was expressed in lines which, for their point and melody, might have come from the pen of the late Head-master himself.

THE EAST-END PEOPLE'S PALACE.

A PRELIMINARY meeting was held at the Mansion House last week in order to have the first public talk over the project for establishing a Palace for the people in the Mile End Road. The day was rainy and cold; the time appointed—two o'clock—was inconvenient except for City men; the gathering was thin; and, though the speeches were all good in their way, the general effect may be best described as hazy. In fact, the profound ignorance which prevails about the East End could not have been better illustrated than by the vague generalities and conventional phrases with which most speakers spoke of the place. One, for instance, lamented the gradual withdrawal of gentleness from the East End; but when were there any gentleness at Whitechapel and Stepney at all? The population now so dense has grown up during the last hundred and fifty years. Up to the year 1750, for instance, there were farms and open country, with a fringe of riverside houses, where now stand side by side the crowded towns of Whitechapel, Stepney, Limehouse, Poplar, Bow, Bromley, Bethnal Green, and Stratford. As these places began, so they have continued, the abode of people especially employed in the industries and

manufactures of London. Here are London's factories, breweries, and great workshops; here are miles of houses tenanted by men who are for the most part in steady work, and can afford from twenty to thirty pounds a year for rent; here are also rows of houses belonging to the class of clerks, managers, and foremen, who draw salaries which even in lordly Brixton or aristocratic Camberwell would be thought respectable; here are thousands of shopkeepers seemingly driving a brisk trade; here are the people who make small things, such as pasteboard boxes, cases, and the like, and who, for the most part, seem to thrive; out of the two millions of people who inhabit this vast unknown city perhaps three-fourths are decent and well-to-do, if not prosperous. Unfortunately there is a great fringe, which is sometimes broad and sometimes narrow, of those who are neither decent nor prosperous. These are the people who live from hand to mouth; the families who all work together at some wretched trade which barely keeps them alive; the hundreds of poor underpaid workwomen—the oppressor, who is generally a shirtmaker or a contractor for policemen's coats, is continually execrated, yet never discovered, while the history of a shirt from its first stage as a bit of calico and linen worth a couple of shillings to its final exhibition in a shop-window at eight-and-six remains to be written—the men who hang about the dock-gates; the men and women who live by plundering the sailors; those who have come down in the world, or “done something” and who hide their guilty heads. Now, since misery is often picturesque, this side of the East End has been the favourite quarry of sensational journalists for years. If, for instance, a pictorial paper thinks that the dreadful houses where the worst and lowest classes herd would make a good subject for illustration, a journalist and an artist are commissioned to visit the spots and do their best. Then the worst bits, the raggedest children, the dampest and most dismal cellars, the most filthy courts, are drawn and described; and the whole is labelled with a title which conveys the impression that these places are not exceptions, but the rule; that the East End is made up entirely of such slums; that all the people are as ragged, as miserable, and as filthy as the pictures show. This belief is at the present moment strong in people's minds. It is, of course, absurd. There is filth enough and poverty enough; but the greater part of the East End is respectable, well fed, tolerably well housed, well clad, and only dull, desperately dull, and devoid, beyond all other cities in the world, of those things which make up the life of culture. For instance, except the Bow and Bromley Institute, there is no place where anything like advanced education can be obtained; as for means of recreation, they are as scarce as snakes in Ireland. Museums and picture galleries are represented by the Bethnal Green Museum, where at the present moment they are energetically cultivating the taste and extending the knowledge of the people by exhibiting turnips and carrots modelled to the life in wax, without lectures, addresses, explanatory guide-books, or any help at all to comprehension, so that the yawning of the visitors may be heard afar off. As for music, that can only be got, always excepting the Bow and Bromley Institute, which provides good concerts from time to time, at two or three music-halls.

Surely this dullness of the East End, where a young man can neither seek for knowledge nor for amusement, ought to have furnished a theme to warm the hearts of the Mansion House speakers. But it did not. It might have been thought that this dull life, this enforced stagnation of two millions of people condemned to live and work in an ugly and monotonous town, where there is nothing to elevate them or amuse them, where they are not even permitted to dance, where there are no colleges for art, music, science, or the drama, where there are no schools for gymnastics, and no open places for games—where would a Bethnal boy go to play a game of cricket?—would have filled the imagination with wrath and shame, and put fire into the speeches. It did not; with the single exceptions of Sir Edmund Hay Currie and Mr. Ritchie, no one seemed to feel the thing at all. Unfortunately, all the speakers, with these two exceptions and one other, assumed two propositions, both of which are false. The first, which we have already discussed, was that the whole East End is a seething mass of starvation and grinding poverty; the second was that the People's Palace, when once it is established, will do a great deal to alleviate this misery. Professor Huxley, for instance, who always speaks with a sincerity which makes him more effective than the most perfect master of rhetoric, went off on the wrong tack of the misery which he had himself witnessed in this part of London. He would rather, he said, choose the life of a savage anywhere in the world than that of a man doomed to live in the East End as he had seen men live. No doubt he is quite right; the savage leads a fine, free existence, though his days are usually short; he enjoys for the most part a fine climate; whenever good things are going he gets his share; there are few savages anywhere who have a worse time of it than the poorest Londoner; but still—what has this dreadful fringe of helpless poverty to do with the People's Palace? This class is below the reach of any such institution. No better rooms will help a woman who has to work eighteen hours a day sewing policemen's coats; a great hall for music will not satisfy the craving for more food; a reading-room will not give a poor creature half-a-crown instead of a shilling. Recreation begins at the point where people have enough to eat; below that point the only recreation possible to be considered is that afforded by a plate of hot roast beef and pudding. Therefore Professor Huxley struck a wrong note. Yet even so he did not sit

down without a word of wisdom. He concluded by insisting that all reforms must come from *within*; we cannot impose reform upon a people; we may indicate the way, familiarize them with the better life, introduce contrast, comparison, and discontent; but no one can reform them but themselves. In civilisation, which is as yet but a thin upper crust lying lightly over certain parts of the world, the people must work out their own salvation; the proposed scheme is only useful so far as it enables and helps the people in this direction.

Mr. Goschen, who followed Professor Huxley, spoke as the President of the London Society for University Extension; he is too practical to believe that his Society is going to reach the very poor; and though he too accepted the theory of universal degradation without a murmur, he pleaded that there is a remnant—three hundred Whitechapel lads—already following courses of history, biology, political economy, and so forth. Certainly we may be justified in hoping that the three hundred may grow into three thousand when a proper building has been provided; but even then the lowest depth will not be touched. It was most unfortunate that the voices of Mr. Harry Jones and Mr. Burnett were not heard, if only to put the speakers into the right track. In fact, the possibilities of the Palace, which in one direction are boundless, will be in another strictly limited and defined by that constantly shifting line which separates the well-fed from the hungry. It should have been the work of the speakers to explain at length the possible achievements of the Palace, and to point out, in brief, its limitations. Yet what was to be expected of a body of speakers who started with such assumptions?

As regards the great question of recreation, no one except Sir Edmund Currie and Mr. Ritchie, whose remarkable and eloquent speech was not reported in the *Times*, seemed to have the least idea on the subject. They had secured a working-man, for instance, who came from his bookbinding to address the meeting. His speech was admirable for its earnestness and intensity—it was also omitted in the *Times*—but it did not contain one word to show that he desired any recreation for himself, or saw the necessity of it for others; it was a plea for the means of the higher education. He carried his audience with him; he made them feel that such a place as that proposed is absolutely necessary; that this neglect to provide such a place is a shame and a disgrace to us; but he did not understand that people must amuse themselves; that necessity is as yet not even faintly understood by his class; nor did he show the least glimmering of comprehension that the women and girls must be looked after as well as the men. What Sir Edmund Currie said on the subject was advanced with some hesitation, as if he understood that to speak of working people enjoying the same things as their “betters” is a delicate matter. It is a delicate subject on one ground—namely, that there has always been, and there still lurks in the minds of some, a prejudice against people congregating for amusement on the fear of immorality. The immorality, to be sure, exists already in plenty, though the amusements do not; perhaps the people will be more moral when they have the means of amusement. As regards music, Sir Edmund promises that, and plenty of it, which is very satisfactory; let us hope it may before long be music provided by the people for themselves, and the result of their classes. There can be no reason why the College of Music should not have a branch at the Palace. Then there is to be a library, with a reading-room; and there is to be a winter-garden—everybody seemed very strong for a winter-garden, so that one hopes it will be appreciated. Nothing whatever was said about a theatre and classes for acting; nor was anything said about part-singing; nor was there any mention of the cultivation of those small arts—wood-carving, leather-work, brass-work, fret-work, flower-painting, and the like, the introduction of which in Philadelphia by Mr. Charles Leland is producing no small effect on the lives of the working-lads and girls whom he is teaching. Mr. Goschen, for his part, very properly dwelt on the advantage of having a gymnasium; but, as regards other forms of amusement, he could think of nothing but listening to a band. More than a band is wanted; it is the spirit which shall lead the people to learn continually and put into practice for themselves, without hope of reward or money, every attainable form of art, accomplishment, and delight. The Palace will be at length perfect when it shall have its own exhibitions of painting and sculpture, its own college of music, its own theatre, its own dancing-rooms, its own school of small arts, as well as its class-rooms, its lectures, and its students in biology and political economy, and all the rest of the University Extension subjects.

Let us notice two more points suggested by this singular and interesting, though unsatisfactory, meeting. The first is that, with the exception of Mr. Ritchie, no one touched at all upon what this Palace may do and ought to do for the women. He, to be sure, dwelt upon the winter-garden as a place which they might “rally round.” It seems to us that, as regards the married women, the only chance will be to get them to attend the concerts and bring the babies; but a good deal might be done for the girls, of whom there are thousands engaged in the East End factories. At present they walk about the streets, and go to music-halls; if they can be persuaded to come in, it may be possible to teach them as well as to amuse them, and perhaps classes in sewing, dressmaking, cooking, and so forth, may help to soften the manners as well as to improve the appearance of the work-girl. Lastly, there was exhibited by more than one speaker an instance of the curious new tendency to call upon rich men to come forward and do the work single-

handed. It would be a very fine thing, no doubt, if this would happen. Meantime, it should be remembered that there are not many rich men left in London, unless it be a few bankers—so rich, that is, as to make it a light matter or a just thing for them to strip themselves of a hundred thousand pounds. Perhaps if the land should recover its old value, and if the old prosperity should return to trade, there might be a chance. Meantime the hat must go round, and we must all of us put something in.

BREACH OF PROMISE.

THOUGH the legal year is not yet many weeks old, it has already yielded a fair crop of the cases which, for want of a better word, are called sensational. Few of these trials are attractive to the educated mind. They do, no doubt, show certain types or phases of human nature under a magnifying glass clearly. But these are usually neither virtuous enough to be edifying, nor vicious enough to be interesting. They are apt to be simply mean, as Aristotle, in a moment of rare cynicism, said that the majority of events were. Still the reports of such proceedings count their readers by the thousand rather than by the hundred, and obtain infinitely wider circulation than Parliamentary debates. Happily for themselves most people, like the friends of Mr. Peter Magnus, are easily amused. They sympathize with the "roars of laughter" which greet a remark from the Bench that women are fickle or that lawyers like fees. The young lady who burst out laughing when Sydney Smith said grace has plenty of counterparts in the Royal Courts of Justice. When a judge means to be funny, he may always be sure of exciting merriment which is not altogether sycophantic. We have ourselves heard Lord Campbell described as a humourist on the ground that when a witness said his gun exploded, the Chief Justice interrupted with the inquiry, "Why can't you say it went off?" Mr. Carlyle was astonished that when Red said to Blue "Be hanged and anatomized," Blue should quietly obey. It is, perhaps, even stranger that when Red says to Black, "Be amused," the countenance of Black should be straightway wreathed in smiles. Fastidious people, and those who do not know what it is to sit for hours in a condition of artificial gravity, are disgusted with this cheap wit. They turn away instinctively from evidence reported in the first person, and are repelled by the conventional form of representing hilarity in print. This is an easily explicable state of mind. But, like all other limitations of human curiosity, it is mischievous. Reform is impossible without publicity, and there are really few things more instructive than a law report. Just now one particular class of actions, which has always furnished matter for minds not more profitably occupied, has aroused what may be called a solid and serious interest. The change is a welcome one. The other day a woman recovered damages which, in the opinion of the judge and of most other people, were much too heavy, for breach of a promise to marry her. There was abundant material for gossiping comment of the scandalous sort. But the case was generally treated from an altogether different point of view. It was not in itself specially calculated to throw light on the wisdom of the law under which it was tried. The real question was whether the promise was unconditional; and the jury found that it was, as another jury might have found that it was not. The ethical point suggested was not so much whether a woman ought to be compensated for being deceived as whether she is bound to disclose all her past history when she accepts an offer of marriage. This might of itself afford matter for a separate treatise. But it is not the basis on which this rather vulgar and repulsive story was discussed. Another case has followed close upon *Miller v. Joy*, in which the parties were even less deserving of sympathy. Of Mr. Cutler and Miss Nelly Jackson the Judge tersely remarked that they were "both as bad as they could be." Yet Miss Jackson was gratified with a hundred and fifty pounds, in her character of female of this exemplary pair.

Nothing could show more strongly than the facts which we have indicated the great and growing interest felt by the public in the law about breach of promise. Here are cases which are indeed illustrations of that law, but which do not exhibit it in any new aspect, and which do suggest topics of a different kind. Yet every one who reads what is written, or listens to what is said about it, must be convinced that for nine people out of ten their only significance lies in the question whether they are favourable to reform, or to a maintenance of the present system. When a branch of the law has come to be as keenly canvassed as this, it must justify its existence on utilitarian principles, or its fate is sealed. The present Solicitor-General, when he and his party were in Opposition, introduced into the House of Commons a motion directed against the right to bring such actions. Sir Farrer Herschell is one of the most eminent of living lawyers, and if the question were one of authority, scarcely any man's opinion would carry more weight than his. But the point is such that a lawyer's judgment on it is of no more value than any one else's, unless indeed he has enjoyed exceptional experience of such cases, which the Solicitor-General certainly has not. Common sense and knowledge of the world, not technical learning or professional sentiment, are the qualities required for arriving at a decision. Sir Farrer Herschell began by attacking, without qualification, the right to sue for a breach of promise to marry. But he subsequently modified his proposal, and brought forward a resolution, which declared that only such pecuniary loss should be

recovered as the plaintiff could be actually proved to have suffered. In this form the Resolution was adopted by the House of Commons. There the matter has rested. No more notice has been taken of the vote than if it been given, to quote an historical phrase, by "so many drunken porters." It is not likely that the present Parliament will find time to deal with a question which is not one of practical politics, and which is conventionally supposed to affect only a very limited number of persons. It is, of course, an obvious fallacy to conclude that the actions brought are the only cases in which the law operates. No judicial system that has ever been devised would be equal to the task of administering the law if every dispute came into court. It may not be agreeable to reflect that some men marry and other men pay in order to escape the expense and exposure of an action for breach of promise. But that it is so there can be no doubt whatever. Protection of a very real and important kind is then undoubtedly given by the present law. The questions are whether it ought to be given at all, and whether it is given to the right persons. Some curious decisions have no doubt resulted from the present law. Thus it was held by a majority of the Exchequer Chamber that the continuance of health is not an implied condition of the contract, and that even if a man from bodily disease cannot marry without danger to his life, he is not to be excused. This remarkable ruling was based on the two grounds that it is only imprudent, not impossible, to risk one's life, and that a man, "though he may be in a bad state of health, may nevertheless perform his contract to marry the woman, and so give her the benefit of social position so far as in his power . . . and it rests with the woman to say whether she will enforce or renounce the contract." If a woman conceals the fact that she has been insane, that is no defence to an action, though, as Mr. Frederick Pollock justly observes, "if promises of marriage are to give a right of action, one would think the contract should be treated as one requiring the utmost good faith."

These, however, are isolated decisions upon peculiar points. As a general rule, actions for breach of promise are certainly not complicated by difficulties of law or niceties of practice. There must be some corroboration of the plaintiff's evidence, it is true. But the faintest is enough. The most distant allusion in a letter to "hidden fire" will prevent the judge from taking the case out of the hands of the jury. In ninety-nine instances out of a hundred the broad questions are whether the man promised to marry the woman, and whether he had any valid reason for refusing to keep his word. Whether juries usually confine themselves to these points may, indeed, fairly be doubted. They have before them almost necessarily the whole conduct of the parties, much of which is utterly irrelevant to the issue. The plaintiff and defendant, if they both appear in the witness-box, may think themselves fortunate if any discreditable incident in their lives is left unnoticed. Upon the facts or fictions thus admitted or alleged it would be strange if a tribunal of untrained laymen did not pass a very rough and summary sort of judgment. The natural thing for them is to conclude that one side, generally the masculine, has "behaved badly," and to find a penal verdict. A case was tried not long ago in which the evidence for the plaintiff was of the slenderest description. At the close of it the judge decided, after some hesitation, not to stop the case, because he could not exactly say that there was no legal corroboration of the lady's testimony. The jury would in all probability have found, without hesitation, for the defendant. But that ill-advised person insisted on being sworn. He gave his own version of the story, which was very likely the true one, in the tone congenial to his taste, and with such embellishments as his fancy suggested. The jury had heard enough, and promptly fined him (for that was what it came to) four hundred pounds for his outrage upon the feelings of every gentleman who heard him. Some people will of course defend this rough-and-ready form of doing "justice" between men and women, even if it involves finding as a fact what is not true. It is difficult, however, to defend the paradox that a man, however base, ought, in a court of law, to be dealt with on a false hypothesis. When they come to the question of damages juries are still more unfettered, and consequently still more erratic. The judge can direct them as to the legal effect of an assumed state of things—a state of things, that is, assumed to have been proved. He can but give them the vaguest indications of how to calculate a "solatium to wounded feelings." It is indeed one of those things which, as Lord Robert Montagu said of a proposal to divide one sum of money by another, "can't be done." What a jury really does is to estimate not in the form of compensation what a woman has suffered, but in the form of a penalty what a man deserves. This may be a desirable practice. But it is as well at all events to recognize its existence, and not to be deceived by the fiction that there is in actions for breach of promise any real measure of damages. There seems to us to be some ground for holding that, if these actions are to be retained, they should be tried before a judge without a jury. A lawyer would see at once that he is not sitting to punish a man for immoral or anti-social conduct, but to afford some sort of redress—inadequate, it may be, and almost insulting—for a grievous wrong. A layman, however shrewd, does not necessarily feel this. He might acknowledge it verbally, but he would not really keep the distinction in his mind when he was not thinking about it.

Lord Bramwell, who generally has an easy way out of everything, disposed of the question whether actions for breach of promise to marry ought to lie in a very offhand manner. If, he said, the parties to the agreement were asked at the time of entering

into it whether they wished it to be enforced by law, they would reply in the negative. It is always dangerous to assume that people would do a particular thing in circumstances which have not arisen. The practice has led to religious persecution from political motives, to departing from the text of written documents, and to various other abuses. People so interrogated might decline to answer, or to contemplate the possibility of the contingency happening. An "Old Lawyer" has written to an evening journal to suggest that all promises to marry should be in triplicate, one copy to be kept by each party, and one to be deposited with the district registrar. The "Old Lawyer" is either a very dry humourist, or a remarkably unpractical person. Probably Lord Bramwell, like most highly educated people who have considered the subject, is merely casting about for an intellectual argument against a law to which he feels a moral or sentimental aversion. People of leisure and culture naturally feel intense repugnance to mixing up emotion and business. To assess the loss of affection disgusts them as much as the idea of having what is to them as sacred as personal religion discussed and dissected before a jury. But we must legislate for the mass of mankind. After all, no one is bound to sue on a contract merely because the law gives her the right of doing so. Let persons of fine temperament suffer in silence. This is, no doubt, the best course. It is melancholy, but it is the fact, that there are hundreds of thousands of women who cannot afford to indulge in the luxury of sentiment. When people have to struggle hard for a living, when to be disappointed of a comfortable home may mean ruin and starvation, they are not apt to develop the finer feelings, as it were to be wished that every one could. To abolish the right of action altogether would be to deprive these unhappy persons of all protection against unprincipled knaves. On the other hand, there can be no doubt that the present law is constantly and grievously abused. Some years ago a woman was sued for breaking her promise to marry a clergyman. The case was a weak one, and the plaintiff would certainly not have recovered substantial damages from a jury. But the lady had written letters of such a character that she paid her clerical suitor a thousand pounds, in order to avoid having them produced in Court. In these circumstances the compromise sanctioned by the late House of Commons seems to be the most reasonable that has yet been suggested. The Resolution is in these terms:—"That, in the opinion of this House, the action of Breach of Promise of Marriage ought to be abolished, except in cases where actual pecuniary loss has been incurred by reason of the promise, the damages being limited to such pecuniary loss." This is in substantial agreement with the law of most European countries. It represents the French law, except that in France an action lies where the woman has been seduced, to which there is the obvious objection that it puts a premium upon immorality. In Italy there is no right of action unless the promise is in writing, and then only expenses incurred can be recovered. In Austria and in Holland only the actual damage sustained is recoverable. In Germany, where, as everybody knows, there is a formal ceremony of betrothal, one-fifth of the dowry may be reclaimed. The history of the action in England is curious. There is a case reported in the time of Elizabeth, but this on examination appears to be rather an action for money had and received. It was not till Charles I.'s time that the right was regularly established. The Statute of Frauds, which was passed in the twenty-ninth year of the reign of Charles II., provided that every contract made in consideration of marriage must be in writing. But it has since been held, with strange subtlety, that these words do not include a promise to marry. Now, therefore, an oral engagement may be sued upon, though there must be corroboration of the plaintiff's statement. It cannot be seriously maintained that either man or woman ought to be forced into a marriage for which they have no inclination. It is, on the other hand, only right that a man whose misconduct has caused a girl to lose a situation, or any means of making a livelihood, or has made her in any way the poorer, should compensate her in money. The question is really one of dry and hard justice. We may think what we like of the women who bring these actions. But Parliament cannot legislate exclusively for refined and well-bred people. The subject is not one for jokes or poetical quotations. It is a grave matter of social concern; and we believe that the late House of Commons indicated what is, on the whole, the best solution of the difficulty.

FISHERIES EXHIBITION LITERATURE.

THE good which can be done by such an Exhibition as that which gave London a new pleasure during the past summer is in part a posthumous good; and, if it is to be done, the memory of the defunct must be in some way kept alive. There is no way so sure of doing this as by means of the *littera scripta*; and it must be acknowledged that the managers of the Exhibition did not neglect this method. We have already noticed many of their documents; but the issue of these did not cease till the end of the Exhibition itself, and, indeed, continued after that event. These latter sheaves deserve gathering up rather by way of running comment on fishery literature than of formal review. The aftermath of the Fisheries Exhibition publications may compare very fairly with the first crop in point of literary value, and the entire collection of handbooks and papers—which are now being reissued by Messrs. Clowes in volumes—constitutes one of the most valuable collections of the kind to be anywhere found.

Of not least practical value, though perhaps of less individual interest than some other numbers, are the separate papers on the fisheries of different countries which have been contributed in most cases by Commissioners or other representatives of the different nationalities. Here more almost than anywhere else the absence of the two foremost countries of the Continent, or their practical absence, is regrettable. Germany has much to tell us of inland fish culture, France excels all nations of the world in utilizing her littoral for experiments of the kind. But the blank, or almost blank, entries set against the two great rivals in the catalogue are reflected in the list of papers. On the other hand, there is a really interesting account of the fisheries of Japan, with a curious appendix describing the *toami*, or throwing-net, a casting-net of peculiar form and apparently great deadliness. The Swedish fisheries, which are to a great extent inland, are dealt with in a short paper full of statistics; but the sister-country, through Mr. Commissioner Wallem, supplies a really important pamphlet. Perhaps no one in all the ink-spilling which for the last year or two has gone on on the subject has hit the mark nearer than Mr. Wallem in one simple sentence. "As it is, fish will never be a cheap food for the poor in great cities, never. The large amount of spoiled fish must be paid for by those who buy the good fish." Mr. Wallem indicates the way out of this difficulty by urging, first, the increased use of refrigerators; secondly, the importation of dried fish. An appendix contains some valuable receipts for cooking this latter. The worst of it is that dried fish, whether salt or unsalted, is notoriously a far less healthy food, at least in large quantities and as an ordinary article of diet, than fresh. Colonel Garcia Sola's paper on Spanish fisheries is valuable among other things for indicating a process of sardine-fishing (it seems that Spanish waters are almost as prolific in sardines as French) which, though unluckily costly in organization, is almost entirely preventive of waste in the long run, and for its notice of the evils of drag-net and coral-fishing. Captain Moloney on "West African Fisheries" is of necessity somewhat desultory, but is full of interesting matter. He touches on, but does not treat systematically, the extremely interesting but rather obscure subject of the poisonous character of some tropical and sub-tropical fishes, a matter which also has place incidentally in the Japanese number.

Among more elaborate papers, Mr. Lee's *Sea Fables Explained*, with which he has followed up his excellent and deservedly popular *Sea Monsters Unmasked*, deserves first notice. It is, like the former pamphlet, a remarkably cheap shilling's worth, Mr. Lee having wisely charmed many publishers to lend him illustrations. A very modern mermaid (who, we are bound to say, seems to be an arrant, though not unattractive, hussy) sits in the frontispiece on a skerry which (despite her charms) a prudent man would think twice, nay thrice, about approaching, except in much stiller water than Herr Sinding, the painter, has here depicted. Thereafter come Oannes, and Dagon, and Atergatis, and Venus rising from the sea, and representations of the odd artificial mermaids by which the Japanese had long anticipated the creative fancies of the late Mr. Waterton, and copies of early octopus pictures, and faithful diagrams of physeters, after the inestimable Olaus Magnus, and portraits of barnacles and many other pleasing things. The letterpress deals successively with mermaids, who have the larger share of Mr. Lee's attention; with the hydra, whom he has little difficulty in identifying with his beloved octopus (though, by the way, when was an octopus heard of in fresh water?); with Scylla and Charybdis, who are perhaps a little out of place; with the exaggerated spouting of whales, which Mr. Lee reduces very well to reason; with the sailing of the nautilus, which we wish he had left alone, and which, as it does no harm, we for our parts intend to go on believing; and with that oddest and most bewildering of mythical exemplifications of the idea of pangenesis—the barnacle-geese and goose-barnacle fancy. The amount of information given in a small space is admirable and the reasoning generally very sound. In one place, however, Mr. Lee seems to us to be *impar sibi*. He quotes what is undoubtedly the most remarkable mermaid story in existence, that of the Yell specimen of 1823, which was seen by six respectable and trustworthy Shetlanders, who actually had it for some hours in their boat, and told the story immediately to an educated and scientific person, Mr. Edmondston. It is true that by the description the animal must have been much more like a sea monkey than like Herr Sinding's provocative siren, but then it was less like a seal or a manatee than like either. Mr. Lee sees in the story a possibility of the "rytina," a peculiar congener of the dugong and manatee, which was seen, described, and supposed to have been exterminated by Russians rather more than a century ago in Behring Straits. But Mr. Lee never gives us any description of the rytina sufficient to justify his hypothesis, and seems to accept with rather hasty facility the possibility of an animal never heard of except on one arctic island, and supposed to have been extirpated there, turning up in the Shetlands three-quarters of a century later. *Entia non sunt multiplicanda præter necessitatem* no doubt. But, under the circumstances, to assume that the Yell mermaid was a rytina thousands of miles away from any place where a rytina was ever found, and scores of years after any rytina was ever heard of, seems scarcely philosophical.

Mr. Manley's thick pamphlet on the Literature of Sea and River Fishing requires here only brief notice, and perhaps the author himself, despite the hundred and fifty pages which he has filled, has been somewhat cramped by his attempt to be halieutically encyclopedic. Still, he has got together a great deal of interest-

ing matter of a pleasingly desultory kind. There are accounts of and extracts from the great classics of fishing, such as Oppian and Dame Juliana Berners (though there be who believe not that there "ever was such a person"), and Drayton and divine Du Bartas and Walton and J. D. and others. There are details of the extravagances to which piscatory bibliophiles, like others of their kind, have descended or risen in this age, so that J. D. and the rarer fishing books are not to be bought in original editions save for hundreds of pounds. Moreover, coming down to more practical and modern things, there are particulars of the existing or recent periodicals which have dealt regularly or accidentally with fishing, of angling manuals, and the like. Perhaps the thing could only have been done perfectly in dictionary form; but it is not ill done as it is.

We have before referred briefly to Professor Ray Lankester's valuable paper on the scientific results of the Exhibition; but it is not a paper to be dismissed with a bare reference, nor is that part of it which has received most public attention, the demand for endowment, by any means the whole of it, or even the most remarkable part of it. Even those persons who look on scientific claims with anything but an eye of favourable prejudice must, after reading it, admit that Professor Lankester has gathered together a most remarkable corpus of instances showing the present lack of really intelligent knowledge on this important subject and the urgent necessity of obtaining, by whatsoever means, more such knowledge before practical steps in the direction of improving the fisheries can be taken with advantage. The description of a German carp-pond, with its average produce of ten thousand pounds weight of eatable carp annually, and the very interesting by-observations which it yields, would have been worth of itself a paper and a discussion; and this is by no means the only item of the kind. In commenting on the paper, too, the Duke of Argyll, as chairman of the occasion, brought together some very interesting facts and observations on the food of fishes. It is these things that we really want; for, if the Exhibition has forced home one fact more than another on the general public (some people had understood it before), it is that, whether Professor Huxley be right or wrong about close times and legislative restrictions, fish *ferè nature* require to be supplemented by fish of the domesticated and cultivated kind, if a constant and cheap supply is to be depended upon.

The last article that we have to notice, Mr. Wheeldon's *Fresh-water Fishing in Great Britain other than Trout or Salmon*, would be much better than it is if the author had not apparently become naturalized to the tiresome manner, or rather mannerism, common in sporting literature of the hack kind. With Mr. Wheeldon a fish does not weigh so much, it "bumps down the scale." An angler of to-day is a "modern rodster." To inform us that barbel bite greedily, he tells us "sometimes I think my friend would take a bootjack." Striking is "driving the steel home into our tough-nosed friend's snout." When he wishes to say that with a certain contrivance the line is sure to run free, the proposition appears thus:—"It is absolutely out of a careless angler's power to engender such an awful possibility as a kink." All this is very irritating, but it ought not to obscure the fact that Mr. Wheeldon is an obvious adept in fishing, if not in writing, and that if he is a little given to tell traveller's tales of big baskets (we never knew an angler worth a split-shot who was not), he can catch them as well as talk about them. Roach, barbel, perch, pike, bream, chub, carp, tench, and dace, each have their section and are descanted on with a zest which will fill the soul of him who fishes not save with fly, unless he now and then condescends to troll for a big trout or a salmon ferocious, with wonder mingled with scorn. Perhaps Mr. Wheeldon might return the compliment. Dace fishing, for instance, with the fly is anything but bad practice for trout, while the cunningest practitioner with trout themselves would probably find himself utterly nonplussed if he were set to roach-fishing with an eighteen-foot rod on the Lea, or coaxing an eight-pound carp with nothing stronger to hold him than the finest gut. Marry, as Mr. Wheeldon would probably say, the trout is better to eat when the fisherman has got him. But, even from this point of view, the fish above-named, save perhaps roach, bream, and (despite Izaak) chub, are far from despicable.

THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN OIL-COLOURS.

IF a critic had the courage to write his first notice of an extensive exhibition without consulting a catalogue, it is to be feared that many of the most valuable pictures would remain unnoticed. This would be the case even in great exhibitions like that of the Royal Academy, and it is much more true of such a gathering as this. There are no fewer than 794 paintings "in oil-colours," and a few pieces of sculpture. Though an ordinary Academy exhibition contains about twice as many works of all kinds, the gallery of the Institute has much more than half the number of paintings usually shown, and there are complaints as to overcrowding and skying and flooring, just as in Burlington House. It is, in fact, impossible not to call this a kind of "Junior Academy." Yet, as we have hinted, if the conscientious critic went through the rooms unaware of the big names which are on the list of the newly-constituted society, it is probable he would select a dozen pictures at the most as worthy of special notice, and would find about a third of them, if not a full half, to be by painters comparatively unknown. It must be allowed, how-

ever, that at least two pictures stand out as of conspicuous beauty, value, and importance. The first of these in order, if not in merit, is by Mr. Alma Tadema. It represents a lady seated in shadow by an open door. Outside is a sunny Roman garden, with a marble statue, and coming up the steps to the door is a gentleman of the period with a bunch of flowers in his hand. The painting of the accessories is what we have learned to expect from Mr. Tadema, but the luminous depth of the shadows is even beyond what we have seen in any of his pictures before. The draperies, the marble seat, the tiger skin, all are perfect, as usual, but the arrangement of the *chiaro scuro*, did we not remember "Phidias" and his "private view," would have been new. When an artist has attained to Mr. Tadema's knowledge, such effects, however surprising they would be in the work of any other artist, come probably without difficulty to his hand, as part of the conception he has formed in his mind. Altogether it is well worth while to visit the Institute for the sake of this one grand little work. It is numbered 446 in the catalogue, and is entitled "Well-known Footsteps."

To some tastes Mr. Rivière's "Treasure Trove" (503) will prove even more acceptable than the picture by Mr. Tadema just described. A flight of stone steps leads up to a doorway in a red-brick wall. In the foreground to the spectator's right are three dogs, in attitudes indicative of great excitement. The middle one is a colley, nearly black, and his colour sets off the other two, which are white and grey. In the middle of the picture is a smooth white spotted terrier. All the four are looking intently toward the top of the steps, where a rough, slouching, black-and-tan dog is carrying off a piece of bread, and looking round with an expression of malignant triumph only too human. In some respects this is the finest work in the gallery, though it ranks low in point of size among Mr. Rivière's other pictures. All the details are carefully and faithfully worked out, and Mr. Rivière, in the completeness of his accessories, shows another point of resemblance between him and his great predecessor in the art of animal painting. Sir Edwin Landseer's "Jack in Office" comes involuntarily into the mind as we gaze at "Treasure Trove," and it is impossible not to allow that here is a *pendant* worthy to be hung with the older masterpiece.

There is a long interval between the art as here displayed of Mr. Tadema and Mr. Rivière, and that of Mr. Long's very insipid "Klea" (611). A presumably Egyptian female in three-quarter length holds a large vase, while behind her are some very incompletely painted pillars. Except for a slightly warmer tint on the face and hands, the picture would be in a brown monotone which adds to the total want of interest in any part of the work. The heavy-eyed soulless face gazes out at you without arousing the slightest emotion, while the deadness of the whole tone renders the picture but very slightly ornamental—no more so, in fact, than a line engraving or a photograph. This absence of colour from Mr. Long's later productions, the slightness of the accessories and even of the draperies, and the uniformity of his types of beauty, do not seem to wear out his popularity; and the critic speaks all the more freely because he knows his opinions will have little effect on the taste of those who have so long admired this kind of work, and who have forgotten that Mr. Long's reputation was made by such careful and finished pictures as the "Gipsy Dancer before the Inquisition," and the "Babylonian Marriage Market."

Although the three pictures of Mr. Tadema, Mr. Rivière, and Mr. Long will probably engross more of the visitor's attention than all the rest of the works on the walls of the Institute put together, there are in the second rank a number of very pleasing examples, some of them, indeed, worthy of names more famous than those their painters yet bear. There is, we trust, with an increase of knowledge among the general public, a good time coming for good art; and it would be impossible to deny that, with a great deal that is poor or absolutely bad, there is also much that is fair, and a little to which a very unqualified measure of praise may be accorded. Foremost among these is a small highly-finished work by Mrs. Alma Tadema. It is entitled "A Bible Lesson." An old lady of the Elizabethan or early Stuart period instructs a pretty child, in a white satin dress, in the rudiments of Scriptural knowledge by means of the Dutch figures on a wall lined with blue tiles. The mere description offers infinite possibilities in delicate and subtle colouring, and Mrs. Tadema takes full advantage of them. The careful painting of the "properties," none of which, by the way, are dragged in merely to be painted, affords a further pleasure in examining this exquisite little work. There is great delicacy in the greys and fawns, and the white is in places almost dazzling. This delicacy of light and shade is conspicuous in another picture. Mr. Millet's "Window Seat" (508) represents a young lady—of no remarkable beauty, by the way—who sits in front of the strong light of an old-fashioned cottage window, sewing with her feet on a chair. Beside her a book or two and various other accessories are cleverly introduced to heighten the effect; and, except for the comparative roughness of the execution—a roughness which, no doubt, some people of taste admire—the "Window-Seat" might take rank quite as high as the "Bible Lesson." A similar effect is attempted in a highly unreal "Convalescent" (504), by Mr. Solomon, where we have a nude child's pale carnation opposed to the white of its nurse's dress. Contrast of colour is the prevailing idea in Mr. P. Morris's "Blue Girl" (101). A fat infant, in a bright blue hood and dress, sits with an orange in her lap. Behind, a very lively rabbit pops its head out of a hole. Mr. Morris has covered this work with glass; but a little London smoke would have done it

a world of good. The title is unfortunate, as recalling one of the most delicately harmonious of all Gainsborough's great works. Opposite to the "Blue Girl" is Mr. Burton Barber's "Coaxing is Better than Scratching." The attitude and expression of the kitten are admirable, but we cannot say so much for those of the child who holds its milk-saucer. The whole picture is needlessly gaudy. There is better employment of brilliant colours in Mr. Macbeth's "Dog Days" (329), where we see some young ladies in summer plumage taking tea in the shadow of a picturesque summer-house, while in a brilliantly sunny background an indefatigable couple play lawn-tennis. The whole scene recalls what we sometimes have had or can recollect in England—weather fit for sitting out in the open air. We have nothing to say in favour of Mr. Brewtall's "Fatima" (565), except that it tells its tale plainly enough as the lady looks back while fitting the key to the door of Bluebeard's closet. "Auld Robin Gray" (117), by Mr. Burr, makes a greater impression on the memory, but is full of unfilled spaces, while it labours under the disadvantage of having a background more prominent, and indeed more interesting, than the forlorn figure in the foreground. In "A Fruit-Shop" (547), by Mr. Townley Green, there are three pretty old-fashioned figures; but the walls and windows in the background are so stiffly rectangular, and the apples so discordantly coloured, as to spoil what might have been a pleasing little picture. "Day Dreams," by Mr. Clausen (161), is a powerful work. An old lady and a younger one sit in a hay meadow. The younger lady is the dreamer. The whole picture reminds us forcibly in its colour of the French Millet, and in its design and general ugliness of M. Bastien Lepage. The landscape portion of Mr. Walter Crane's "Beauty sat Bathing" (58) is very fine, but the nude figure has an unreal and transparent look. Mr. Randolph Caldecott sends two sketches in oil. It is impossible to praise either of them, except for the spirited drawing. One more figure subject must be noticed. It is by Mr. J. D. Linton, and consists of a single female figure in a mediæval costume, entitled "Waiting" (304). It is gorgeous in a rich subdued way. The heraldry, by the way, is very queer. We doubt if even the late Mr. Warren could have "blazoned" the shield, which has among its charges two rare ordinaries, a "bend sinister" and a "base," neither of which, so far as we are aware, occur in English heraldry. We might notice portraits and figure subjects by Mr. Pettie, Mr. Stone, Mr. Herbert, and some other artists of high reputation, but we refrain. There are more great names in the catalogue than a careful inspection of the walls would lead us to expect. Even Mr. E. J. Gregory has disappointed us.

The landscapes deserve a longer notice than we can give them on the present occasion. Mr. Halswelle's "Opening Day" (678) is the most important, but R. Thorne Waite's "Road to Chichester, Sussex" (417), and Mr. Alfred Parsons's "The Daylight Dies" (122) should all be praised, especially the last. Mr. Edward Hughes has sent some little sketches which might easily be overlooked, and some good work, apparently, is skied.

We have endeavoured to pick out a small selection of the finest work the gallery affords, and have therefore been forced to omit some pictures of merit, if not quite of the first merit. Mme. De Steiger, for example, sends a work which, as compared with what she has exhibited before, shows decided advance. A convoy of coal-barges, "Black Diamonds" (4), by Mr. Wyllie, is very powerful. Mr. W. Graham's "Street Scene in Cairo" (679) is well calculated to recall the dusty suburbs and their characteristic figures. Lastly, there are some excellent pictures of still life, and interiors of old houses, among which we may safely choose a little highly-finished Dutch scene (260), by Mr. Walter Wilson.

THE THEATRES.

AT the Strand, O'Keefe's *Wild Oats*, with Mr. Edward Compton as Jack Rover, has been succeeded by Holcroft's *Road to Ruin*, with Mr. Compton as Goldfinch. The *Road to Ruin*, a jumble of all manner of dramatic qualities, is not, however, so successful as *Wild Oats*, which is explicitly a more or less romantic farce. Mr. Compton's company is well enough in its way, and to *Wild Oats* it was capable of doing a sort of justice. For the *Road to Ruin* it is not nearly strong enough. At the Strand the best played part is Goldfinch. Now the hero of the piece is not Goldfinch, but Harry Dorton; and Harry Dorton is only to be played by an actor with a touch of genius. He it is whose progress along the primrose path is portrayed; he it is on whom the interest is centred first and last; he it is in whose hands are all the opportunities of serious acting, and on whom we have to depend for all our great impressions. He has not one scene, but half a dozen; he must have grace, charm, passion, high spirits, the gifts of laughter and tears; his emotional gamut ranges from the frankest gaiety to a madness of remorse and despair. At the Vaudeville, under Messrs. James and Thorne, and at Sadler's Wells, under Mrs. Bateman, the Harry Dorton was Mr. Charles Warner. In those days Mr. Warner had not been violently carried away from grace by the dull devil of spectacular melodrama. He was ambitious of something more than mere athletic noise; Holcroft's mixed heroics fitted his peculiar talent to a hair's breadth; and he played the part as in all probability it had never been played before. At the Strand, Harry Dorton has no sort of existence; he is "without form and void"; and the play is pretty much what he makes it. Mr. Warner took the

piece on his shoulders, carried situation after situation at the charge, and achieved effect after effect with a brio, a lightness of hand, a mastery of emotional expression, a heady brilliance of imagination and invention, that were irresistible. Mr. Burton struggles manfully with his fate, but his fate is too much for him. All his opportunities prove bald, and all his energies prove barren. He disappears beneath the part as beneath an extinguisher, and a great deal of the piece as good as disappears with him.

The experience, however, is not without its uses. *The Road to Ruin* is the oddest hybrid imaginable. To begin with, in its combination of society humours with stirring domestic drama, its conjunction of scenes of manners with scenes of passion, it suggests, not an English comedy, but a development, early and crude and imperfect, of the French *pièce*—above all, of the *pièce* as it is practised by M. Sardou. Then it contains a little of everything—even literature of a kind; it is touched with all sorts of qualities, even originality. Comedy and farce, tragedy and pantomime, satire and emotion, sentiment in the manner of Sedaine, and imbroglia in the manner of Beaumarchais, a dash of vigorous caricature and the funniest affectation of morality—it parades all these in turn. And withal it is, in respect of its characters, a museum of stage types and conventionalities. Here are the benevolent Heavy Father, the generous Prodigal, the Blushing Virgin, the Wanton Widow, the Cynical Saint, the Smooth-spoken Rascal, the Cringing Usurer, the Virtuous Creditor, the "Young Man of Property Kept out of His Rights," the Lively Chambermaid, the Stolen Will, the Comic Gent, the Noble Duel—all the battered old heroes and heroines of a hundred fights, all the "properties" of invention and characterization to which, as to a birthright, every dramatist of every age succeeds. There is something humorous and taking in the shameless unoriginality of the whole stock. There is something comforting, too, in the high favour with which it is sanctioned and greeted by the public. It is evident that Holcroft knew his stage, and that for the pulse of the pit his was no uncertain finger. It is also evident that the commonplaces of sentiment and passion are evergreen; age cannot wither them nor custom stale; their mechanism is the simplest and their aim the most obvious and easy, but they never fail to achieve their effect. The old relations still flourish; the old qualities—truthfulness, honour, generosity, filial affection, friendship—are still heroic and triumphant. Old Dorton, on the verge of ruin, refusing to shake hands with his profligate son, and rushing out of the room with his honest fists thrust deep into his breeches pockets lest he should be tempted to embrace the charming prodigal in his own despite, is—considered as a presentment of character and emotion—ridiculously imperfect and inadequate; but the pit is with him to a man. Young Dorton—ruining his father with all the lightheartedness in the world; selling himself for money to redeem his father's credit; using the greater part of the cash he has in hand to save his father's bank in releasing a young friend from the sponging-house that he may exchange shots with him for insulting his father's name—is a person of questionable morals after all; but his heart is seen to be in the right place on certain important points, and he presents what is felt to be a noble spectacle. What can be more "comical and first rate" (as Mr. Furnival says of Abraham Slender) than an aged Usurer, going to tabernacle as often as he can, doing all the rascalities he may, and grovelling with terror at the prospect of that inevitable conversation with the Devil? What more moving than the grief of Bashful Fifteen, when false man has betrayed, sobbing out her little heart, vowing to go away and be an old maid for ever and evermore, and carefully picking up the tatters of her first love-letter that they may companion her in her solitude and strengthen her in her high resolve? It is all as old as the hills; but somehow it is not old at all. Who shall say as much a hundred years hence of the ingenious romance of *Claudian*? or the topsy-turvy unvarnished of *Lords and Commons*? Holcroft wrote badly, and stole freely; but, as regards the essentials of drama, he knew his work, and did it after a fashion.

As we have said, the best played part is Mr. Compton's Goldfinch. Holcroft's spirited caricature portrays a type of ruffian about town which, though it is practically extinct, is modern enough to be still amusing. An extravaganza of costume and stable slang, with at least as much life in him as half a dozen catchwords can impart, Goldfinch is as good an opportunity for a comic actor as is often seen. Mr. Compton has composed the part with much care, some skill, and not a little invention; his method, however, is crude, and the effect he produces is hard and dry and a trifle monotonous. It is only fair to add that he was received with abundant laughter. Miss Virginia Francis, as Sophia Free love, is seen to no particular advantage. It is a careful, often a clever, performance; but the part is not within her means. The rest had better be silence.

CONCERTS AND RECITALS.

THE concert given last Saturday under the combined auspices of Mme. Albani and Mr. Sims Reeves attracted a large audience to St. James's Hall; the programme was an attractive one, comprising good examples of sacred and operatic music, with a spice of English ballad. The singers were not too many, four in all, and the instrumentalists were M. Vladimir de Pachmann and Mr. Carrodus. Under such circumstances the concert could not fail to please, unless one of the stars had dropped out, and no such

disappointment occurred. Mme. Albani, always an admirable artist, is at her best in sacred music, and her rendering of Gounod's "Ave Maria" must be counted as one of her greatest achievements, remarkable not only for purity and brilliancy of tone, and for excellent phrasing, but for devotional spirit. The accompaniment of M. de Pachmann on the pianoforte and of Mr. Carrodus on the violin enhanced the beauty of Mme. Albani's vocalization; but on the part of the audience it was a great mistake to encore this fine performance, and on the part of the artist it was a still greater one to comply with the request. In this matter of encores so often complained of, it is fair to say that the public would rest content with what is set down for them if the artists would steadily decline to repeat. It would almost seem that Mme. Albani was resolved to justify encores, when, for the uninteresting ballad of "It's we two," she gave instead of a repetition, "O luce di quest'anima," in her most charming style, an act of grace which was appreciated by all who heard her. M. de Pachmann gave the "Bénédiction de Dieu" (Liszt) with remarkable delicacy of execution and a fine feeling of the theme. Mr. Carrodus played De Bériot's Tremolo—no easy task—with skill and vigour, and Mr. Sims Reeves, who gave a taste of his quality in sacred, operatic, and ballad music, showed himself, as ever, a complete master of his art in each kind. His voice, which appeared slightly veiled by a cold in the opening numbers of Benedict's "The Lord is very pitiful," rose afterwards, and his large phrasing, with its appearance of simplicity, which is the result of infinite art, was a fine study for those who had a mind to profit by it. When the same singer gave the "Furtiva lagrima," he seemed to revel in delicate modulations of tone, in bird-like trills, and in the warmth of a lover's emotion. While, in his duet with Mme. Albani, he was ready rather to merge himself in her than to assert the supremacy of his own power. After his vigorous delivery of "The Bay of Biscay," the audience called for more, and were apparently in a state of great excitement, but a few words of common sense soon silenced them. Mme. Antoinette Sterling's rich contralto notes were well heard in Gluck's *Euridice*, and Mr. Barrington Foote, in the difficult music of Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*, gave promise of future excellence, an occasional roughness and inequality being compensated by a thoroughly good intention throughout.

Last Saturday's Crystal Palace concert completed the first portion of the series, and for two months to come the orchestra will be mute, and musical London deprived of its chief source of gratification. The programme on this occasion was varied and excellent, including Haydn's Symphony in D (No. 2 of the Salomon series), Beethoven's *Leonora* Overture (No. 3), a Concerto for Pianoforte and Orchestra in F minor, by M. Auguste Dupont, of the Brussels Conservatoire, and two new Orchestral Sketches, by Mr. J. F. Barnett. M. Dupont has been long and favourably known in this country as a composer of distinction. His numerous pianoforte pieces, founded on dance-rhythms illustrative of the antique style, are remarkable for quaintness and piquancy, abundant invention, and elaborate ornament. The Concerto (Op. 49) is a thoroughly characteristic work. In all its three movements the pianoforte music—rendered with perfect technique by Mme. Frickenhaus—is instinct with the composer's peculiar individuality. Not only is it primary in importance and interest, but frequently (as in the finale) it receives no essential elucidation from the orchestra. The complexity of the first movement, with its varied subjects and incessant changes of tempo, and the bewildering introduction of dance melodies in the finale, leave an impression of formlessness and vacuity—a sense of the aimless restlessness of waves rather than the immensity of ocean. The *adagio*, on the other hand, possesses simplicity and definition; and M. Dupont's mastery of the resources of the piano is here displayed to advantage. A second hearing may, of course, modify first impressions; but there can be little doubt that the very idiosyncrasies of the pianoforte composer have contributed to the structural defects of his orchestral work. Mr. J. F. Barnett's orchestral sketches are somewhat slight. The first, rather loftily styled a "tone-picture," presumably depicts the ebbing tide, and may be said to succeed—with the help of the programme and a concurrent fancy. It would have been more expressive of nature if it had been composed in the minor. "Elfdand" is written for the strings *pizzicato*, and opens with a sprightly polka-like theme. It is characterized by much grace and ethereal fancy. Haydn's delightful Symphony, now nearly a century old, was admirably interpreted. It is curious to note, among the never-failing charms of Haydn's music, his sound judgment in proportion and exquisite sense of form—eighteenth-century characteristics much ignored now, if not temporarily lost to art. Mme. Frickenhaus gave, as a second contribution, Mendelssohn's Scherzo and Capriccio in F sharp minor in the place of the Capriccio in the same key (Op. 5) of the programme. Both pieces are very familiar to amateurs. The vocalists were Miss Thudichum and Herr Georg Ritter, a German tenor who made his first appearance at these concerts. Miss Thudichum's beautiful and pure soprano was finely displayed in Weber's "Softly sighs," from *Der Freischütz*, and in "Better Far" and "There's dew for the flow'et," two little songs by Mr. F. H. Cowen precious to all musicians. Herr Georg Ritter was unfortunate in his selections. His feeble rendering of Wagner's "Liebeslied," from *Die Walküre*, awoke reminiscences of Herr Niemann, while Schubert's "Erl-King" is more suited to a baritone with good high notes than a tenor with bad low ones. A splendid performance of the *Leonora* overture, conducted with Mr. Mann's contagious enthusiasm, concluded the concert.

M. Vladimir de Pachmann's second recital had a somewhat uninteresting programme. Perhaps M. de Pachmann is not a great artist. Assuredly, however, he is an artist of singular brilliance and accomplishment. His range, it would seem, is none of the widest; but within its limits he is probably unrivalled, save by the very greatest. It is evident that his is not a universal capacity of style; and that his sympathy with certain sorts of work is quite imperfect. On the other hand, it seems proved that, of not a few developments of modern music, he is an almost ideal interpreter; that of Liszt and Chopin, for instance, his apprehension is complete and his expression well-nigh faultless. His technical endowment is remarkable. He has the genius of touch, and his alternations of staccato and legato, of held and dotted notes, is something to hear. His runs are wonderfully clear and brilliant, his shakes are perfect. He has a good sense of form and a fine talent for light and shade. In his crescendos, which are excellently graded, he is scarce so impressive and commanding as could be wished; but his diminuendos are really beyond praise. His piano passages, indeed, are perhaps the most memorable parts of his display. A crescendo of his, or a fortissimo effect, is easily forgotten; his mastery of piano and diminuendo is remembered with something like astonishment. Then his command of his instrument is complete. His gift of fingering is something prodigious. It is significant that, at his second recital, though he was several times recalled, yet only after his performance of one—the second—of Chopin's three "Etudes" was the recall so irresistibly imperious that the performance had to be repeated. It was pure gymnastics, of course; but, of their kind, the gymnastics were absolutely perfect, and perfection of any sort is rare.

The programme included the immortal "Sonata Quasi una Fantasia," it is true, with Mozart's lovely and moving "Rondo in A minor," some excerpts from Schumann, and a selection of six numbers from Chopin. But it included also the curious rhapsody which Liszt has called, for reasons not explained in the music, "Bénédiction de Dieu," a composition of Rubinstein's, Brahms's first "Rhapsodie," and a dull and very difficult "Valse de Concert," by Lamberg. So that, with much that is good, and one thing of great excellence, there was much the merit and interest of which to many people are contestable. The one disappointment was the Beethoven. It was exquisitely clear and coherent throughout; but it was not very much besides, and that—when the master is Beethoven and the music the "Sonata in C sharp minor"—is not exactly what is wanted. M. de Pachmann was best, we think, in the "divine elegy" with which the work begins; of the finer points of feeling he gave as much as he could feel; and his execution, if it went no further than his conception, was admirable as far as it went. His view of the second movement would seem to be merely the old one of the "flower between the abysses"; and his interpretation was appropriately graceful. In the tremendous *Presto agitato* he was still less satisfactory; the passion of the thing was curiously diminished at his hands, and no amount of brilliance and vivacity (there was an abundance of both) could make up for the loss. It was the same in some sort with the "Rondo" (Op. 71). M. de Pachmann was elegant, careful, intelligent; but the heart of Mozart's mystery he had not plucked out, and of his melancholy and charm he rendered, as it seemed to us, as little as he had of Beethoven's passion. The Schumanns down for performance—three from the *Kreisleriana* and one of the *Novelletten*—were better; the last was redeemed. In the Brahms (Op. 79, I.), M. de Pachmann was altogether on his own ground; as he was in the Liszt piece and in M. de Rubinstein's "Mélancolie" (Op. 21). It was, however, in his selection from Chopin that he was heard to best advantage. Nothing could well have been better than his performance of the Polish master's haunting and affecting "Nocturne" (Op. 37, I.), his "Fantasia in F minor" (Op. 49), his three "Etudes," and his brilliant and dashing "Tarantelle" (Op. 43). In music of this sort—where the imagination is peculiar, the writing perfect, the plastic difficulty uncommon—M. de Pachmann is irresistible. For him Chopin has no secrets; he has perfectly felt his elegant and heartfelt melancholy, his feminine graces and refinements, the morbidity of his charm, his exquisite felicities of sentiment and style. Under his fingers the "Nocturne" appeared to have capacities of deeper meaning than he had expressed in the *adagio* of the "Moonlight"; the "Fantasia" seemed an immortal poem; the first and second of the "Etudes" were little miracles of beauty and accomplishment. For his own reputation he can hardly play Chopin too often.

UNITED STATES RAILWAYS AND TELEGRAPHS.

FROM President Arthur's Message it would appear that we are about to witness a renewed struggle between those who wish to extend and those who would restrict Federal authority in the United States. The existing Constitution of the United States was adopted some years after independence was won, and, therefore, historically the Federal Government is the creature of the Sovereign States by which it was called into existence. As a logical consequence of this the Democratic party has always maintained that the Federal Government possesses no powers but those expressly delegated to it by the Constitution. But the party which, under varying names, has from the beginning been opposed to the followers of Jefferson has not accepted this view. On the contrary, it has again and again striven to extend Federal

authority. Up to the breaking out of the Civil War, the States Right or Democratic party had, upon the whole, been successful in limiting Federal influence. But since the Civil War the power of the Federal Government has been largely extended. The condition in which the South was left by the war was the occasion of a considerable exercise of power by the Federal authorities; and, under cover of the amendments to the Constitution carried at the close of the war, Congress has legislated for the protection of the negroes, overriding in so far the sovereignty of the individual States. A recent decision in the Supreme Court, indeed, throws doubt upon the constitutional character of part of this legislation. But the fact is nevertheless unquestionable that the power of the Federal Government in the South has been greatly extended by the Civil War. Moreover, the Republicans have extended Federal influence in other ways. For example, they have engaged in many public works. Besides immense land grants, and in some cases money subventions, to railways, the Federal Government has effected improvements in the Mississippi river, and generally in a greater or less degree has acted upon the principle that it has the right to look after the material interests of the Union. Perhaps the most striking example of the extension of the Federal authority is furnished by the circulation of the "greenbacks," or Treasury notes. Everybody agrees that the issue of paper money by the Federal Government was extra-constitutional, was justifiable, that is, only as an exercise of the war power reserved for extreme emergencies. But the war came to an end eighteen years ago, and yet the greenbacks are received in payment of the taxes as legal money of the United States. The establishment of the National Banking system in 1862 was a not less striking instance. And now a demand is arising in the midst of peace for a more far-reaching extension of Federal authority. Of late years a strong popular feeling has been growing in favour of the purchase of the telegraphs by the Federal Government. More recently an agitation has sprung up for the regulation of the railways by Congressional legislation. So strong, indeed, have these demands become, that President Arthur finds it expedient to notice them in his Message to Congress. But the President is not prepared to recommend very sweeping action. He expressly discourages the purchase of the telegraphs, though he thinks that telegraph management is a matter of public interest, and ought to engage the attention of Congress. In the same way he is cautious in dealing with railway management. He would not interfere with the railways where a line lies entirely within the jurisdiction of a single State; but where a line runs through several States he thinks that Congress might very well legislate to ensure attention to the general interest.

Owing to several circumstances, "rings," as they are called in the United States, or combinations of speculators, are able to effect much more at the other side of the Atlantic than they could in Europe. These rings are a kind of temporary partnership formed for a special purpose, and often only for a brief space of time. They by some means or other get command of large amounts of capital, and they operate upon the Stock Exchange for the purpose of getting control of great industrial undertakings. Their mode of operation is first to spread rumours disadvantageous to the property which they wish to get possession of. They usually fix upon some time when there exists partial or general commercial discredit; when a failure of the harvest, great floods, or excessive speculation have excited apprehensions. They then take advantage of this state of feeling to spread rumours disadvantageous to the property they wish to acquire. When the price of the property is sufficiently lowered, they are able to buy such an amount of shares as practically enables them to vote themselves into the direction and management of the Company. They follow up this step by bringing out glowing reports shortly afterwards showing that their management has put an end to the unsatisfactory state of things that previously existed, and that the future of the Company promises to be most brilliant. They succeed in this way after a time in running up the price of the shares to an extravagant height, when they take care to sell out and once more resort to the tactics which frighten shareholders and bring down prices. Thus they go on alternately buying and selling, and at each move increasing their own wealth. In the management of the property, moreover, they utterly disregard the interests of the shareholders and of the public. They refuse all adequate information; they publish reports of the most meagre kind and at the longest intervals, and generally they maintain so much secrecy that it is impossible for the outside public to form any true estimate of the real value of the property. At the same time they usually increase their wealth by what is called watering the stock—that is, issuing fresh share capital for which there has been no expenditure of any kind. And they disregard the interests of their customers just as they make light of the interests of their shareholders. It is a common complaint that railways, shipping companies, telegraph companies, and the like, charge exorbitant rates where there is no competition, while at points where there is competition they reduce rates until they are unremunerative. At the same time these Companies are accused of favouring certain localities and certain traders at the expense of others. And generally they are alleged to prey upon the public they are supposed to serve. The great railways, for example, that connect the chief corn-growing States with the Atlantic seaboard, form a combination to fix the rates and fares they charge, and to determine the proportion of the earnings each Company is to receive. From the great cities along the Atlantic seaboard and the farmers of the interior alike there

are loud complaints that the rates and fares so fixed are exorbitant. And in support of the allegation the complainants point to the extremely high dividends that the principal Railway Companies pay and to the constant increase that is going on in competition; but, undoubtedly, the odium incurred by the Railway Companies is chiefly due to the stock-jobbing operations of their presidents and directors to which we have referred above. In the case of the telegraphs, again, the Western Union Company has been formed by the amalgamation of nearly all the Telegraph Companies throughout the United States. It now forms one vast monopoly, and it is alleged that the Company uses its monopoly to the detriment of the public. Moreover, it has constantly watered its stock. When the last amalgamation took place between the Western Union, the Mutual and the Atlantic, there was an enormous fresh issue of stock which represented no capital expenditure, but which was made for the sole purpose of enriching the clique that had succeeded in getting possession of the property. The result of all this is that a few men practically have under their control the railway and telegraph systems of the United States. Mr. Vanderbilt, for example, controls a railway system as large as our own London and North-Western and Great Western systems added together; while Mr. Gould controls in large measure the railway communications of the whole South-West; and, in addition, he disposes of the Western Union Telegraph Company. The public in the United States are indignant when they see mere speculators amassing enormous wealth and controlling the communications of the country, not because of genuine service rendered to the country, but in consequence of stock-jobbing operations conducted without regard to the interests of the shareholders of the properties concerned or the interest of the public at large. And the result is that a public feeling has been growing up for many years past very dangerous to those monopolies. Several years ago, in the Western and North-Western States, an agitation grew up amongst the farmers, and succeeded in passing laws intended to prevent Railway Companies from making special arrangements in favour of individuals or localities, and from stock-watering and other injurious proceedings. This legislation has proved of little avail. But the agitation has now extended from the purely agricultural districts of the West and North-West to the great cities of the Eastern States, and has thus become so strong that, during the recess, a Committee of the Senate has been sitting in the chief cities collecting evidence bearing upon this, among other points.

As the Democrats have a majority in the House of Representatives, while the majority in the Senate and the President are Republican, it is hardly likely that there will be legislation on these subjects in the present Congress. And in the future it will be difficult to legislate with effect. Obviously the purchase of the railways is entirely out of the question. The American public would never consent to place so much patronage in the hands of politicians, or to entrust the Government with the expenditure of such immense revenues as would accrue from the purchase of the whole railway system of the country. The purchase of the telegraphs would be a much easier matter. But, in the first place, there is the strong feeling, to which we have referred above, against all extensions of Federal power. Just now, while the public are smarting under the mismanagement of both railways and telegraphs, they cry out for some remedy; but they would hardly be prepared to see the Federal Government adding the telegraphs to the Post Office. At present the telegraph service is performed by an existing Company. In addition, it is to be borne in mind that, if the Government were now to buy up the Telegraph Companies, it would have to deal with capitals which have been swollen enormously by fictitious creations of stock. The speculators who carried through the late amalgamation and then watered the stock would thus succeed in making the American public pay them, not for actual outlay, but for an entirely fictitious increase of capital. Nor will it be found very easy to establish such regulations as will ensure good management. Merely political considerations will doubtless have to give way. For every year dissatisfaction with the existing mismanagement is growing so strong that arguments based on constitutional principles alone will command little attention. But the separate States will view with jealousy any legislation that will diminish their authority. At present each State is competent to legislate for the railways running through it. A Company, for example, having its principal office in New York is under the jurisdiction of the State of New York; and the State Legislature may compel it to give returns, not only respecting its mileage within the State, but respecting the whole system. The States, indeed, have grievously failed in their duty in this regard; but they will be unwilling all the same to give up their authority for the benefit of the Federal Government. And the great Railway Companies will certainly do their utmost to stir up the States-right feeling. Already they have undue influence in the Legislatures of the separate States, and they will shrink from no bribery or corruption to increase that influence for the purpose of preventing Congressional legislation. But, though the obstacles in the way of efficient legislation are great, it is certain that the attempt to attain it will be made, and that thus the old struggle will be renewed between those who regard the Union as a mere federation of sovereign States and those who look upon it as something more.

REVIEWS.

MARTIN'S LIFE OF LORD LYNDBURST.*

THE first sentences of Sir Theodore Martin's preface disappoint the expectations which might be formed from the title-page. It appears that Lord Lyndhurst left no diaries, and that "he destroyed every letter or paper of a confidential nature which could have thrown light upon his official life, or his relations with the leaders in society or politics with whom he was intimately associated." His reasons for a decision which may be reasonably regretted were, though insufficient, characteristic of his clear intellect and manly character. "What have I been," he said, "but a successful lawyer? I have been three times Chancellor, and I have tried to do something for my country in my place in Parliament. But what is there in that to make the world desire to know anything about me hereafter?" If the question had been open to argument, his friends might have replied that the personal history of a man who was perhaps the ablest of his time might probably have been instructive, and would certainly have been interesting. It is impossible to supply the deliberate omission, because, with the exception of one who was indeed the nearest to him of all, very few of those who knew him intimately are now alive. Lord Lyndhurst died twenty years ago, at the age of ninety-one; and his accomplished biographer had not the personal acquaintance with his subject by which he might have supplied the defects of his scanty materials. Sir Theodore Martin has done all which was in the circumstances possible. Though he is, as may be supposed, familiarly acquainted with the history of the time, he judiciously confines himself to Lord Lyndhurst's share in the transactions with which he was principally concerned, and he avoids with ready tact all superfluous political discussion. The present generation cares little whether Lord Lyndhurst was always right in his judgment of the measures which at different times he supported or opposed; but every reader may appreciate the eloquence and force of intellect which controlled the House of Lords from his first appointment as Chancellor into extreme old age. The justice of Sir Theodore Martin's remarks on the peculiar character of his oratory will be recognized by the survivors who have heard some of his speeches, and more especially his famous Sessional summaries. Among his contemporaries in the House of Lords, Lord Brougham surpassed him in copious variety, Lord Derby in rapidity, and Lord Ellenborough in stately and sustained declamation. Lord Lyndhurst excelled them all in polished condensation of argument and of sarcasm; he was unequalled in lucidity of statement; and, while he always said what was necessary for his purpose, his language and manner indicated a reserve of force. Of the art which conceals art he was by nature and habit a master. As might be expected, he abstained from appeals to pathetic emotion. There may be differences of opinion as to his rank among orators; but in him eloquence was not a distinguishing faculty, but the natural expression of intellectual power. He retained to the last the mathematical acuteness and the aptitude for scientific inquiry by which he had obtained distinction at Cambridge. When he was nearly ninety, Mr. Nasmyth, whom he visited at Penshurst, showed him his remarkable drawings of the moon's surface, and explained to him the observations which they recorded. "The cogency of the questions that Lord Lyndhurst put to me," says Mr. Nasmyth, "was a treat to me beyond expression. . . . What, above all, I was most impressed with was his wonderful aptitude to grasp at once the details of a subject that to most others would require a long course of special study." It is well known that at the Bar and on the Bench Lord Lyndhurst never took notes, and that he was able to sum up from memory the most complicated facts. A more common gift was his faculty of remembering long passages of poetry; but it is remarkable that, notwithstanding his freshness and receptivity of mind, he cared only for Pope, for Goldsmith, and other favourites of his youth. The most conclusive proof of his intellectual power is that it impressed with equal force his friends, his rivals, and his enemies. According to Lord Brougham, "Lyndhurst was so immeasurably superior to all his contemporaries, and indeed to almost all who had gone before him, that he might well be pardoned for looking down rather than praising." Lord Brougham adds that "he was kind and genial. His good nature was perfect, and he had neither nonsense nor cant, any more than he had littleness or spite in his composition." Even Lord Campbell, in the intervals of his hostile commentary, frequently recognizes Lord Lyndhurst's wonderful ability.

There are, perhaps, still left unfriendly critics of a character and career which were subject to much ill-will and detraction. They may perhaps observe, reversing the old saying, *Magnum virum facile dixeris, bonum libenter*. If the personal records which Lord Lyndhurst destroyed were accessible, they might probably furnish a sufficient answer to vague and apocryphal imputations. With respect to one important part of his life Sir Theodore Martin has fortunately the means of proving that in his domestic relations he seems to have been faultless. While he was still struggling for a livelihood at the Bar, he almost maintained his father and family, and devoted all the time he could spare to their society. After

his father's death he paid his debts, and took sole charge of his mother, who lived to ninety-one, and of his unmarried sister, who spent her life under his roof, and, after surviving him, died at ninety-six. With another sister, married in America, who also lived to ninety-six, he kept up to the time of his own death the most affectionate relations. A lady who was long an inmate of his house has supplied Sir Theodore Martin with an interesting account of his affection for his aged sister. She describes his daily game of backgammon with Miss Copley, and the audacious way in which he cheated her. "At last she would find him out, and loud and long was his burst of laughter, sweet music to the dear old lady. There was always a tenderness in his voice when he said 'Auntie,' her name in the household." In the same account there is a pretty picture of the old man and a little daughter of eight years old, who helped him to learn by heart, in anticipation of blindness, some of the Prayer-Book services. The child held the book in both hands, and sometimes prompted and corrected him. "He liked no one to hear him his lesson," he said, "except his little girl."

The chief drawback to the attractiveness of an otherwise excellent biography is its polemical character. From the beginning to the end Sir Theodore Martin prosecutes an angry controversy with Lord Campbell, which is not agreeable, though it may possibly have been unavoidable. Campbell's *Life of Lyndhurst* was written a quarter of a century ago, and it was published after the author's death, about the year 1869. No work of the kind was ever more unanimously condemned; and it is indeed indefensible. Its inaccuracy and unfairness were effectively exposed by Mr. Hayward in a well-known article in the *Quarterly Review*; and, as no answer was attempted, the subject might perhaps have advantageously been allowed to drop. In Lord Campbell's interesting autobiography, written long before the *Life of Lyndhurst*, but published many years afterwards, there are few traces of the objectionable spirit and method of the *Life*. Sir Theodore Martin is, notwithstanding the lapse of time, less temperate in his indignation than Mr. Hayward, and he consequently sacrifices the literary perfection of his work to the sense of retributive justice. He shows that in many instances Lord Campbell imagined his charges against Lord Lyndhurst, and that he habitually garbled his quotations from Hansard to the detriment of his victim. In some instances the present biographer perhaps attributes to malignity misstatements which proceed from habitual carelessness of strict accuracy. In Campbell's *Life of Bacon*, who can never have given him personal offence, there are, as Mr. Spedding has shown, as many misrepresentations and misquotations as in the *Life of Lyndhurst*. The writer first formed for himself a conception of the character, and then proceeded to adapt the evidence to the issue. The same process is, if recent disclosures may be trusted, employed in editing telegraphic messages. The telegrams may be short; but the paragraphs into which they are expanded must be comparatively long; and sometimes it is necessary to draw on the imagination. Lord Campbell was not the only assailant of Lord Lyndhurst who provided damaging facts as they were required for polemical purposes. Joseph Hume, as Sir Theodore Martin records, once asserted in the House of Commons that, to the knowledge of many members, young Copley had come from America a confirmed Republican, though he had in fact left his native country at three years old.

For the reasons which have been already stated, Sir Theodore Martin is unable to furnish any account of Lord Lyndhurst's private life or of his personal relations, except with his own family. His brilliant abilities, his graceful manner, his kindly disposition, and, not least, his high position, must have secured him many friends, whose connexion with him, except in the case of Brougham, is forgotten, because there has been no one to record it. The letters which he probably wrote, as well as those which he received, have apparently been destroyed, or they are inaccessible. One of the most skilful and industrious of biographers has not a characteristic phrase and scarcely an anecdote to record. A mere list of Lord Lyndhurst's intimate friends would convey some information as to his character and the habits of his life; but Sir Theodore Martin is apparently ignorant even of their names. It is now only known that in his later years he held frequent and friendly intercourse with Lord Brougham, and it is interesting to learn that his good will was early attracted by Lord Granville. While it may be taken for granted that Lord Lyndhurst had many friends, it is an undoubted fact that he provoked much angry feeling. The biographer's silence as to various attacks on Lord Lyndhurst's character is deliberate, and probably judicious. It is neither practicable nor desirable to revise, even for the purpose of confutation, the charges which were made against him during the active portion of his career. The cynical paradox that calumnies are always true only means that accusations imply a motive, if not a reason, and that they are directed with instinctive accuracy against the weaker points of character and conduct. Not only Lord Campbell, whose animosity may be plausibly explained, but Lord Denman, who was incapable of intentional misrepresentation, Lord Melbourne, the most tolerant among men of the world, and Lord Lansdowne, the model of courtesy, publicly and angrily charged Lord Lyndhurst with political tergiversation. It was alleged that, before he entered Parliament, he had professed revolutionary opinions, and it was assumed that his alleged political conversion was prompted by selfish interest. The imputation, even if it had been admitted as true, might well allow of a more charitable interpretation. Lord Lyndhurst himself repeatedly

* *Life of Lord Lyndhurst*. From Letters and Papers in possession of his Family. By Sir Theodore Martin, K.C.B. London: John Murray. 1883.

denied the charge, but always in the same guarded language. He several times declared in the House of Lords that he had never formed or acknowledged any political connexion before, on the invitation of Lord Liverpool, he entered Parliament. It is highly probable that in private conversation he may have caricatured in a more or less serious vein the Radical phraseology of the day. Lord Denman, who was on the same circuit, would not have been quick to discover irony in language which transcended his own Liberal sympathies. As Sir Theodore Martin justly observes, the whole constitution of Lord Lyndhurst's mind was conservative; and it was not alleged that from his first entrance into public life his consistency had ever been at fault. The indignation of the Whigs of sixty years ago against supposed deserters from the ranks is now not unamusing. For changes in the opposite direction their political descendants display not only tolerance, but enthusiasm. There can be little doubt that Lord Lyndhurst frightened and puzzled his early associates by strong language. Lord Campbell's assertion that he was a partisan of Bonaparte is certainly unfounded.

Sir Theodore Martin is not less anxious to defend his hero from the charge of party disloyalty while he led the Opposition in the House of Lords to Lord Melbourne's Government. A letter is quoted in which Sir Robert Peel says that Lyndhurst was the most satisfactory of colleagues; but when he was pulling to pieces the Municipal Bill which Peel had allowed to pass the House of Commons the two ex-Ministers were no longer colleagues. The biographer resents the statement that Lyndhurst was plotting against his chief, and perhaps the description of his conduct as an intrigue is not wholly accurate; but his answer to Campbell, who, being in charge of the Bill, had remonstrated against Lyndhurst's independent course, implies but moderate devotion to his leader. "Peel! What is Peel to me? D—n Peel!" was "the only answer which his" (Campbell's) "impertinence—for it was impertinence—drew from Lord Lyndhurst." It is certain that at that time some of Lord Lyndhurst's dependants were in the habit of abusing Peel and denouncing his conduct of the party, and it is not perhaps generally known that they talked of substituting Sir William Follett for Peel as leader of the House of Commons. The story of the alleged cabal took a more definite form in the strange story which appeared in the *Times* the day after Lord Lyndhurst's death. The writer asserted, as a matter within his own knowledge, that William IV. had proposed to Lyndhurst that he should become Prime Minister, with the title of Earl Copley, and that a provisional arrangement to that effect was concluded on certain terms. One condition was that the Prime Minister should have twelve seats in the House of Commons placed at his disposal for as many adherents, of whom the principal was no other than Mr. Disraeli. So sagaciously, according to the narrator, had Lord Lyndhurst foreseen the future distinction of his young friend and follower. Mr. Hayward dismissed the statement with the obvious remark that after the Reform Bill the King had no seats to give to any Minister; but it might have been possible for a Conservative Minister to dispose of many county seats. The most remarkable circumstance was that the story was generally supposed to have been told on the authority of the person who, after Lyndhurst himself, was chiefly concerned with the supposed transaction. If Mr. Disraeli directly or indirectly made the communication to the *Times*, he must have had some foundation for a statement which, nevertheless, cannot have been literally true. It is possible that he may have mistaken a mere day-dream for a definite and practical scheme. The theory that the story is purely fictitious is itself improbable. Sir Theodore Martin naturally holds that Lyndhurst was incapable of an act of political turpitude; but an attempt to depose Peel from the lead of the party was not necessarily dishonourable. It is probable that Lord Lyndhurst's unconcealed dissatisfaction with a policy which he regarded as timid and procrastinating gave rise to exaggerated reports. There is no doubt that Peel surpassed his brilliant ally in prudence and foresight, or that his wisdom and his influence were indispensable to the party. The schism had, in any case, not become wide and definite when Peel, on his accession to office, probably with a full knowledge of all the circumstances, unhesitatingly invited Lyndhurst to resume his former position as a principal member of the Cabinet.

A MARCH VIOLET.*

A MARCH VIOLET is one of the novels that suffer from the inexorable publishing law which insists upon a tale of the regulation length. There is ample material for two volumes, but there is scarcely sufficient for three. And, in saying so much, we cannot blame the author for obeying one of those laws of the Medes and Persians which alter not. No writer of capabilities can tell before he begins it how or where his story will end. He is bound to follow the impulses of successive moments of inspiration; and his characters, if they be worth anything, ought to assert their supremacy; while the catastrophe should come when fatalities ordain it. But the modern novelist has the exigencies of the publishing trade warring against the law of his will; and Anthony Trollope, as we know from his Autobiography, marred one or two of his best novels by yielding to a pressure which even his re-

putation dared not resist. Our general complaint against novels by ladies is that they are either fanciful and languidly sentimental or trivially commonplace. The fancy is carried into everyday life, and we have scenery and people painted purely from the imagination, with unconscious self-confessions of ignorance of life. But Mrs. Chetwynd, at all events, knows what she is writing about, and her scenes are evolved from her personal knowledge. They change between the Highlands and society in London, and she is alike at home in the one as in the other. If we are more pleased with the scenes in North Scotland, it is because we prefer the natural to the artificial.

Her very first chapter strikes the keynote to her novel, and indicates the course of the story without anticipating it. And in it there is humour as well as strong probability. A Southern gentleman is fishing a Highland salmon-stream. The weather is all that could be desired, the pools in the river are swarming with "fish," the fisherman has a pair of muscular arms and can cast a good line. But somehow the salmon are not to be persuaded, and we are sorry to say that the fisherman swears and shows temper. When a silvery but satirical voice is heard from the bank behind, with the recommendation to "try a silver doctor." The interloping adviser being a girl and good-looking, the advice is taken in pretty good part. But the angler, knowing nothing of his fair acquaintance, follows up the frank introduction by freely abusing her father, who happens to be laird of the land and proprietor of that part of the river. His self-upbraidings are to be imagined when he learns the truth; but we can surmise how that chance introduction is to end, and all the more so when we are informed of the real character of the girl's father. Violet is both honest and quick-sighted, and the fond affection she feels cannot blind her to her father's imperfections. So she cannot, in common justice, bear malice to the handsome stranger, who had merely blurted out the truth in hot temper and ignorance. In fact, Violet Campbell has a sad time of it at home; and her lot would be harder were it not for habit and the sweetness of her natural disposition. Major Campbell is morbidly irritable and cross-grained; and, though his unfortunate marriage had come from faults of his own, he might not the less plead its results in self-extenuation. But Violet is always willing to make the best of things, and her wild life in the Highlands is very prettily and picturesquely described. Mrs. Chetwynd, as we have said, knows the people well, and she touches off their good points and their peculiarities with an effective pen. Donald, the keeper, and the other men are genuine Highlanders; while the old women talk quaintly after the lights of nature and are by no means got up for the purposes of burlesque. And we are almost as sorry as Violet Campbell could possibly be when she is compelled to leave her beloved mountains for the South. But necessity constrains, as the wandering artists chalk upon our pavements; and after being unexpectedly and temporarily enriched, she is even more suddenly beggared. Being a heroine of romance, she must "dree her weird"; but in her innocence she cares little for poverty; and she would have cared still less could she have foreseen how the loss of fortune would smoothe her future, and favour her most dearly-cherished desires.

But Mrs. Chetwynd does not fall into the monotonous mistake of concentrating her interest on a single love-plot. We are made to understand that Violet and Harold Thurstone have fallen in love with each other; but we have sundry distractions provided for us while this affair draws slowly towards a satisfactory *dénouement*. We are introduced to an amusing and most engaging family, who, having decided to settle in a Highland home, have rented a mansion that had belonged to Violet. The Harley Dixons are Australian squatters and extremely rich; and their characters are very cleverly drawn, collectively as well as individually. There is a father, who is as bustling and as prosperous as he is practical, but who, with the genuine kindness overflowing in his nature, can be soft and sympathetic when occasion requires. There is a mother who is very much of an invalid, and there is a family of handsome and accomplished daughters, who, if not altogether the swans their parents believe them, are extremely amiable and attractive girls. So Colonel Bolton, an elderly military valetudinarian, who had been Harold Thurstone's host on Harold's visit to the Highlands, discovers to his cost. The Colonel rather affects solitude; he does not much like young women, and he detests noise. The Australian immigrants take him by surprise, dropping down on his Hermitage one fine morning. He resents the intrusion; is prejudiced against the authors of it; and expresses his outraged feelings very strongly, when, to his subsequent sorrow, the young ladies overhear him. Pleasantly conscious of their own powers, they form an aggressive league against the misogynist. They resolve to do their worst, and make him fall in love with them collectively. They succeed, but one of them overshoots the mark; for Bolton comes to like them all, but falls in love with the second girl in special. And, as her affections have unluckily been bestowed elsewhere, the Colonel is left to wear the willow; and, being an exceedingly good fellow at bottom, we feel that Mrs. Chetwynd has treated him badly. That, however, we could easily forgive her; for we have always maintained that writers of fiction should have absolute control over their own creations. But then that creative despotism ought to be tempered by moral considerations; and in another marriage which Mrs. Chetwynd makes up she sets both morality and her reader's sympathies against her. She has enlisted their sympathies strongly in favour of her heroine; and yet she permits poor Violet to be shamefully and basely betrayed, without meting out appropriate retribution to the offender.

* *A March Violet*. By the Hon. Mrs. Henry W. Chetwynd, Author of "A Dutch Cousin" &c. London: Chapman & Hall, Limited. 1883.

It is possible that truth may be stranger than fiction; yet sometimes the coincidences of fiction are strange enough in all conscience. Violet Campbell makes acquaintance with Harold Thurstone on the banks of a Highland stream; but shortly afterwards, owing to unsuspected family connexions, she is residing under the roof of Thurstone's uncle in Yorkshire. Though she has suffered under transplantation from her native soil, all might have gone happily enough. The rather impulsive Harold is firmly devoted to her; while the aunt and uncle, although they have their crotchets, are one of the best-natured couples in the world. But the course of true love is crossed by one of the shabbiest and least scrupulous fiends we have ever met in fiction. Amelia Thurstone, niece of the lord of the manor, has set her heart upon marrying his nephew Harold. And, unhappily for Violet, that is likewise the dearest desire of Amelia's affectionate aunt and uncle. The worthy old folks would do nothing unkind or dishonourable; but they are wax in the unscrupulous fingers of their sly daughter by adoption. Using them as her unconscious tools, she does an infinite deal of mischief; yet she sees to her sorrow that she will miss her aims. Harold intends to marry Violet, and he feels something like a thorough detestation of Amelia. Nevertheless Amelia does not despair; and, as a last resource, she throws herself upon Violet's generosity. She seeks an interview and makes a confession, crawling at her rival's feet in tears, and the despairing transports of an accomplished actress. Things, she says, have gone so far between her and Harold that it would be both cruel and shameful compromising with sin were any other woman to marry him. The idea of the scene is bold, and rather French than English. Mrs. Chetwynd afterwards softens Amelia's meaning down; but in that case even the most innocent of virgins might have been very likely to misunderstand her. The double appeal to Violet's generosity and her sense of pride is irresistible; and the intrigue fully succeeds for a time. She believes that her love has turned to contempt, and sends Harold a summary dismissal. The idea, though *risqué*, is all the more ingenious that the nature of the confidence makes explanations impossible. No modest girl could appeal to a lover for a disavowal of the particular charge brought against him. So the severed pair of hearts play for long at cross purposes, and there seems to be little probability of a reconciliation being brought about. The reconciliation is nevertheless effected by the straightforward dealing of a shrewd little woman, who has a right to concern herself with Violet's interest. That is naturally a foregone conclusion. But what we have complained of is the condoning of Amelia's sins, which almost seems to offer a premium on criminal astuteness, and which moreover places Violet, the sensible heroine, in a gratuitously false position. Amelia has not one of those impulsive natures which may be betrayed into positive crime, and yet deserve both pity and affection. She is made consistently and shabbily selfish throughout. Lying comes to her far more naturally than truth-speaking; and she can lie with a most dangerous likelihood of circumstance. She is abominably jealous; she is absolutely unscrupulous. So hardened is she in her habits, that she actually has forgotten the scene which caused Violet many months of misery; and when the girl reminds her of that fatal lie, she laughs merrily at the recollection. But she is extremely handsome, and a voluble flirt. It is not altogether surprising that she has engaged the attention of a gentleman who is an extremely eligible match. That he should have married her merely for her face we could well understand, though we think Mrs. Chetwynd in common humanity might have saved him by a timely warning. But what are we to think when, having learned the truth as to Amelia through a full confession, to which she was only driven by irresistible pressure, his natural hesitation as to espousing her is overcome by the persuasive arguments and eloquence of Violet? If he breaks off the engagement Amelia will go assuredly to the bad, while if he makes her his wife he may probably save her. That is bluntly the line of the arguments employed, and it is Violet who is weighted with the responsibility of urging them. We can only wish him a happier wedded life than his folly deserves, though we fear that young Mrs. Thurstone has been laying up grievous remorse for herself. But, as we like Mrs. Chetwynd's book, and wish to part with her on pleasant terms, we must conclude with a reference to Miss Campbell's maid Christie, who is a very photograph of an attached old Highland retainer. If Amelia Thurstone is a discredit to her amiable sex, Christie is an honour to human nature, and she is made very quaintly amusing to boot.

GREEN'S CONQUEST OF ENGLAND.*

IT is nearly a year since we had to record the death of one of our most brilliant and promising writers. During the past twelve months Mr. Green's work has received a searching and conscientious criticism on many hands; and the result of this criticism has been to assure him a place among historians likely to be read by posterity. People will not be agreed as to the precise value which should be assigned to his writings; but by general admission this value is a permanent one. His conception of what history might and ought to be was a loftier one than is entertained by most students. In her simple and touching preface to the present volume Mrs. Green speaks of the circumstances in which

were written both this book and its predecessor, *The Making of England*, and of the motives by which the writer was urged to persevere in his work. After the completion of his history of the English people, the author had just begun to shape his plans for a new work when he was struck down by the malady which was shortly to prove fatal.

It needed but a little time to show that there could never be any return to hope. . . . In the extremity of ruin and defeat he found a higher fidelity and a perfect strength. The way of success was closed; the way of courageous effort still lay open. Touched with the spirit of that impassioned patriotism which animated all his powers, he believed that before he died some faithful work might yet be accomplished for those who should come after him. At the moment of his greatest bodily weakness, when fear had deepened into the conviction that he had scarcely a few weeks to live, his decision was made. The old plans for work were taken out, and from these a new scheme was rapidly drawn up in such a form, that if strength lasted, it might be wrought into a continuous narrative, while if life failed, some finished part of it might be embodied in the earlier *History*. Thus under the shadow of death *The Making of England* was begun.

The cloud subsequently lifted for a time, so that *The Making of England* has been followed by a still larger instalment of work in the shape of the present volume.

No one can deny that these noble efforts have been rewarded by great achievement. In truth, to our thinking, *The Making of England* deserves to rank first among Mr. Green's writings. It will never perhaps be so popular as the brilliant *Short History*. But it contains excellences of a more solid and permanent value. The former is astonishing as a *tour de force*; but every one who has seriously studied history must rise from the reading of it with a conviction that it attempts to do the undoable. Historians are often reproached nowadays with the tedious minuteness of their narratives, with a fashion of writing as if one day were to them as a thousand years. Such minuteness is certainly quite unnecessary. But what is needful to give lasting value to a history, to raise it to the rank of a work of art, is that the writer should have dwelt long enough with the times of which he writes and with the characters of his drama to realize in the fullest degree possible their personalities and motives, and the atmosphere in which they lived. He must read his documents again and again, and, what is of more importance still, he must rid his mind of all preconceptions of what he will discover from these documents. Scarcely any one could treat the whole of English history after such a fashion; it cannot be questioned that in many parts of his *Short History* Mr. Green shows that his knowledge was not of the needfully profound character.

But with *The Making of England* it is different. It treats of a period of our history with which Mr. Green was really familiar. In his preface to the volume, he tells us that it was part of a long-cherished scheme of his, which had been laid aside for the sake of the *Short History*. Nor do we think that he ever wrote anything better than the chapters which describe the gradual conquests of the English. Though necessarily in a large degree hypothetical, they were the result of original and conscientious research, and though the details of the picture may require subsequent modification, we do not think that any will be needed for its broad outlines. *The Making of England*, it will be remembered, came to an end with the reign of Egbert. The present volume was, we suppose, originally meant to be a simple continuation of our history from that time till the Norman conquest. But it has unhappily been left in a somewhat fragmentary state. The first six chapters, the editor tells us, may be looked upon as representing the author's final plan, save for some want of revision here and there; but chapters vii. and viii. were left in a wholly unfinished state, while chapters ix. to xi., the last three of the book, were written many years ago, and were then laid aside and never revised in any way. It is difficult to criticize a book which we have no opportunity of judging as a whole. It follows as a matter of course that this volume cannot be placed upon the same level with *The Making of England*. But we can see that there were materials here that might have made it as successful, and would probably have made it even more popular, than the previous one. As it stands, it is necessarily open to criticism upon many points.

The early history of Northern Europe—and under that denomination we include England—has been for some years past undergoing a complete revision, comparable almost to the revision which the early history of Rome underwent at the hands of Niebuhr. Until lately it had fallen almost entirely into the hands of the mythologists. The mythological method of reading early history had completely taken possession of the Germans, and by them had been communicated to writers of other countries. Witness the way in which Lappenberg dismisses the early history of the English conquest. The first who made an effective stand against such a summary method of procedure in the matter of English history was Dr. Guest. He may be said to have founded a school of which Mr. Freeman and Mr. Green were the chief exponents for England, Mr. Skene for Scotland, and of which *The Making of England* was the latest product. In the same way there has arisen for the early history of the Scandinavian countries a new school of writers, who are doing their best to win back all that may be won from the field of mythology, and to restore it to the field of history. A host of names may be cited of those who in Norway and Denmark have set themselves to the task of clearing up the dark age of Norse history, the Viking age. Of the books published upon those lines of study Steenstrup's *Normannerne* is by far the most important. We do not ourselves think that the last word

* *The Conquest of England*. By John Richard Green. London: Macmillan & Co. 1883.

has been said upon any of these questions, any more than we think the last word has been said upon early English history by what is called the Teutonic school. But, be that as it may, all these writers were working upon the same lines as was Mr. Green. In a book which was chiefly dedicated to the history of the Northmen in their connexion with England—of the Danes or of the Normans—it was his business to make himself thoroughly acquainted with the writings of the new school of Scandinavian historians. There were, of course, difficulties in the way of doing this, and first of all the difficulty arising from the fact that most of those works are in Danish; but of course an historian cannot be excused from the duty of learning a foreign language, if the information needful for his work cannot otherwise be got. Now it does not seem that Mr. Green read Danish or consulted any work which was not to be got at through a German translation. In fact, the one work which he refers to for all his information touching the Viking expeditions is Munch's *Deu Norske Folks Historie*, written twenty years ago. Once or twice Steenstrup's work is referred to, but this is by the editor; and even these references show that the book itself has not been consulted, but C. Maurer's review of the first two parts of it in the *Jenaer Literatur-Zeitung*. This is undoubtedly a drawback from the completeness of the present volume, one which it is the duty of the reviewer to point out. If the early Danish history had been placed upon a satisfactory footing, it would have been enough to have consulted one work of authority. But, being as it is in process of discovery, no source from which light can be drawn may be safely neglected.

It follows that all Mr. Green's chapters upon the Vikings require the reader to bear in mind that he has not heard the last word which has been said about them. But the thought of this need not prevent our appreciation of his thorough grasp of the materials of which he did avail himself, or our enjoyment of the skill by which he works up these materials into a finished picture. Take the following passage as an example of what we mean:—

It was this hard struggle for life which left its stamp to the last on the temper of the Scandinavian peoples. The very might of the forces with which they battled gave a grandeur to their resistance. It was to the sense of human power that awoke as the fisher-boat rode out the storm, as the hunter ploughed his lonely way through the blinding snowdrift, as the husbandman waged his dogged warfare with unkindly seasons and barren fields, that these men owed their indomitable energy, their daring self-reliance, their readiness to face overwhelming odds, their slowness to believe themselves beaten. Courage, indeed, was the heritage of the whole German race, but none felt like the man of the north the glamour and enchantment of war. Fighting was the romance that broke the stern monotony of his life; the excitement and emotion which find a hundred spheres among men of our day found but this one sphere with him. As his boat swept out between the dark headlands at the fiord's mouth, the muscles which had been hardened by long strife with thankless toil quivered with the joy of the coming onset. A passion of delight rings through war-saga and song; there are times when the Northern poetry is drunk with blood, when it reels with excitement at the crash of sword-edge through helmet and bone, at the warriors' war-shout, at the gathering heaps of dead. The fever of fight drove all ruth and pity before it. Within the circle of his own home, indeed, the sternness of the life he lived did gentle work in the Viking's heart. Long winter and early nightfall gathered the household round the common hearth, and nowhere did stronger ties bind husband to wife or child to father. But, when fight had once begun, the farmer and fisher who loved his own wife and child with so tender a pity became a warrior who heaved down the priest at the altar, drove mothers to slavery, tossed babes in grim sport from pike to pike. "Deliver us," ran the prayer of a litany of the time, "deliver us, O Lord, from the frenzy of the Northmen."

No previous writing of Mr. Green's is more characteristic than this passage and some others here. And no doubt the picture here drawn is, as a general picture of the Norseman, true enough. And yet we doubt whether Mr. Green would have painted it in such vivid colours had he fully realized the character of the men who formed the backbone of most of the Viking expeditions into England. It is in this light that we have been wont in past times vaguely to recall the "Norsemen" of our early history. The description applies well enough to those who really did arrive upon our coasts from some far-off desolate shore. But in reality the great body of the invaders of England, and almost all the invaders of Northern France, were not Norwegians, but Danes of Denmark. That is to say, they came from a land no farther to the North than Northumbria or the Lowlands of Scotland. There can be no greater mistake than to class Denmark—as under the loose phraseology of Scandinavia we are apt to do—in point of scenery beside Norway or Central Sweden. Geologically, Denmark belongs to Northern Germany and the Low Countries, but to no part of the Scandinavian peninsula, except the extreme south of Sweden—to Scania. Now, as recent research has pointed out, it is precisely from these Lowland regions that all the great Viking expeditions took their start. On one side Sweden sent out conquerors who penetrated through what is now known as Little Russia and Poland, down almost to the walls of Constantinople—nay, within those walls, for from them was drawn the great bulk of the famous *Varangian* guard. On the other side of the Continent the Danes crept downwards along the coast—first by the Frisian shore, anon up the Scheldt, then up the Seine, until at last they made their footing sure in Normandy. The Norwegians were not without their share in these Viking adventures; but it was concerned almost exclusively with the Western Isles of Scotland and the coast of Ireland. The conquests of the Orkneys, the Shetlands, the Faroes, and Iceland were, on the other hand, completely Norwegian achievements, for when they were effected the Danish Viking age had come to an end. It is with these later adventures, which had many features quite different from the Viking

expeditions of the Danes, that the Icelandic war-song and saga are associated.

The chapters which tell of the gradual acquisition of the Dane-law recall in their effective presentation of a complex story the chapters which in Mr. Green's previous work were devoted to the conquests of the Saxons. The next succeeding chapters treat of the part taken by Alfred and his successors in stemming the flood of invasion, as well as the effect which that invasion had in moulding the English social life. All this is told with the brilliant suggestiveness which must be familiar to Mr. Green's readers. They will of course be prepared to find that he treats of the feudal spirit which began to show itself in English life shortly after Alfred as of an abnormal growth due to the influence of the Danish invasions, instead of what surely the whole history of Europe shows it to have been, a completely normal development of old institutions in new circumstances. The book is one which every one should read and every one will profit by reading.

BIBLIOTHECA PISCATORIA.*

ANGLERS appear to be brands just saved from the burning in the hideous sin of gambling, a vice "attended with very considerable expense." We have arrived at this subtle conclusion from meditating on the fact that anglers are very often book-hunters, and that both book-hunters and anglers have much in common with the gamester. They have his sanguine hopefulness, his patience, his inveterate belief in his own luck. No other qualities could possibly support and console the angler, the book-hunter, the sporting man in these sad later years, when trout are harried, and poisoned, are few, and small, and cunning; when it is next to impossible to "pick up" a curious book cheap, and when the in-and-out running of favourites has become a matter which calls for the interference of the State. Undaunted by his bad luck, though fallen on evil days, each spring still finds the fisherman busy by Coquet, or Thames, or Tweedside, and each winter he pursues the rare and fugitive first edition on bookstalls and in auction-rooms. He always dreams, like the old sportsman in Theocritus, that he will land the fish of gold. He even fancies that he will haul a "Nobbes" or a Walton of 1653 out of the fourpenny box. His chance never arrives, but his faith could move mountains, if that engineering feat would assist him in either his angling or his book-hunting. He fondly hopes to find trout in the running brooks, books on the stalls, good fortune everywhere.

In this winter of his discontent the trout-fisher cannot pass an evening—nay, several evenings—better than in the study of Messrs. Westwood and Satchell's *Bibliotheca Piscatoria*. This is a most careful and orderly bibliography of books on angling, and of references to angling in the old writers. A bibliography of writings on fish-culture is appended; but this, though useful, is not so attractive. The editors have registered 3,158 editions in this work, so there is plenty of it, abundance of directions for the book-hunter who follows (at an immense distance) in the track of Mr. Denison.

As the editors include the famous passage on fly-fishing from *Ælian*, and other classical references to angling, we must quarrel with them for omitting "the Ionian father of the rest," Homer. As every one knows, Homer has a very curious passage on sea-fishing with the rod, showing how the angler casts into the deep "the horn of a shelterless ox," as a Cambridge translator puts it, though why the ox is shelterless, and whether his horn acted as ground-bait, we do not learn, and we want Messrs. Westwood and Satchell to tell us. On the other hand, our editors do give us the Theocritean fisherman's dream, justly complaining of the laxity of the "poetical translators" when dealing with a subject of this importance. The editors add, "in plain prose," a list of the fishermen's gear, but they perhaps are unaware of the great corruption of the text in this passage. Oddly enough, they do not add the fisherman's story of his fight with the fish. Whether he really "kept spinning" with his rods, as a recent translator puts it, we may doubt. The Greek is

ἐκ καλῶν δὲ πλάνων κατέσειον ἰδωδάν.

Asphalion's fish "sulked," there is no doubt about that; and Asphalion "pricked" him, probably by tightening the line and tapping the butt. This passage was worthy of the editor's attention. At present one may see the Mediterranean fishers sitting with their rude rods beneath the cliffs, when a high sea is on, and dragging really large fish out of the water as a Highlander drags out a lythe—that is, by main force. The Norwegians, according to the lively authors of *Three in Norway*, are as unscientific. They cut a young tree, trim it, fasten a rope to the top, bait with a big worm, and wait for a bite. When it comes they haul, believing that "something will give," either the tree, or the rope, or the salmon. Usually it is the salmon that gives, and he flies out of the water with some velocity. While referring to books left out, we may mention the amusing little volume in which Mr. Charles Dudley Warner (the celebrated American reformer of the English tongue) describes his struggle with a trout in the Adirondacks.

The editors give us so much, however, that it is ungracious to ask for more. For example, we say it with shame, we never heard of the Paris edition (1861) of Richard de Fournival's *De*

* *Bibliotheca Piscatoria: a Catalogue of Books on Angling.* By T. Westwood and T. Satchell. London. 1883.

Vetula in its French form, *La vieille, ou les dernières amours d'Ovide*. Fournival is supposed to have lived in the fourteenth century, and to have been the first president of the Shakespeare Society. But the latter part of the legend is clearly a myth, arising from an obvious confusing of persons, such as we know to have occurred in the case of Charles Martel and Charlemagne. Fournival's poem was attributed to Ovid, and was said to have been found in his tomb. The book proves that worm, fly, and torch-line fishing were in vogue in the fourteenth century. But who doubts it? The *Book of St. Albans* shows us fly-fishing in a rather more complicated and advanced condition than it is usually practised in the Border waters. More flies are used, and they have entomological names; whereas very few flies comparatively are employed in the Tweed, and they are named after the manner of their busking, as "mouse body and laverock wing," or after their inventor, as "the Professor."

Turning to very old authorities, we find all the superstition which everywhere marks the fisherman in Cassianus Bassus, whose *Geoponica* is attributed to the tenth century. "Take three limpets," says Bassus, "and having extracted the fish inscribe on the shell (which shell?) 'the words 'the god of armies,' and you will immediately see the fish come to the place in a surprising manner." But what are you to do with the limpets? Throw them in for ground-bait? The editors do not tell us, and we have not a copy of the *Geoponica* at hand. The worthy editors do not seem to be very strong in Greek or Latin, as the following passage testifies. They are speaking about Oppian, author of the *Halieutica*, and they quote Athenæus. "Homer, he says, compares the companions of Ulysses, who were seized by Scylla, to fish caught with a long rod, and thrown out of doors"; and Athenæus goes on to show that Homer was a sportsman, and understood his subject better than Cæcilius of Argos, and Pancrates of Arcadia, and Oppian, and others. But Homer, of course, says nothing about the fish being thrown "out of doors"—"as the fisher catches each fish he flings it writhing ashore," says Homer. Even the Laird of Kinlochaline Castle, who could shoot a deer and catch a salmon out of his castle window (he must have used a very long line), would not throw the fish "out of doors" when he had caught it. He would draw it indoors, on the other hand. About Ælian and the Macedonian flyfishers we are not quite sure that the editors are right (see Ælian, *H. A.* xv. i.). As usual, the Macedonian rod is said to be six feet long. But Pliny translates ὄργον by *ulna*, which makes the rod ten feet long, a much more serviceable one-handed instrument. Let us give the Macedonians the benefit of the doubt, and remove them from the ranks of mere duffers with the artificial fly. The hook, as Ælian says, had a dubbing of "purple" wool (no aniline dyes, of course, which, according to Mr. William Black, a salmon is too proud to look at), and Ælian goes on ἡμιορταί τε τῶ ἐπί τῶ δύο πτερά, two cock's hackles. Now we do not take Ælian to have meant that the hackles were dressed separately as wings, but that they were twisted round the hook, so as to show a hairy fibrous appearance, as in a modern spider. But the editors hold that "two wings are secured on this wool," and that the wings are "brought up to the proper colour with wax." Whether we or they are right about the dressing of the hackles, Ælian's description of the rush of a trout at a fly, "like a wolf on a lamb, or an eagle on a goose," is excellent. He must have observed the trout in clear water. Probably they were very eager feeders, and Macedonian trout-fishing must have been splendid, much like that in untried American rivers to-day. Another of the angling ancients is Ausonius, who plied the gaudy lure on the banks of the Moselle. But Ausonius used bait and a float, and is less interesting and sportsmanlike than Ælian. A heresiarch in fishing was Thomas Barker, author of "Barker's Delight," or "The Art of Angling" (1651). Barker's delight, we regret to say, was salmon roe. "If I had but known it twenty years ago, I could have gained a hundred pounds," observes the sordid Barker, "only with this bait." "I am bound," he adds, "to disclose it to your Honour, and not to carry it to the grave with me." Probably Barker expected "to drink his Honour's noble health" in return for a secret which should have shared Barker's unhonoured grave. Much learning is here expended on Dame Juliana Berners and her "lyttyl plaunflet," with its various editions, a subject which has frequently been treated of in reprints of the *Book of St. Albans*. A passage on angling gets William Browne's "Britannia's Pastorals" within the scope of this edition. Browne describes the angler as "melancholy," and no wonder he is melancholy, for he fishes for pike and bream with a "yellow worm." The editors, in the true spirit of sport, say we should always try to get original editions of Browne and of everything. "Who, for instance, would choose to have Nobbes on cream-laid paper and in elegant type? And what true connoisseur would prefer a *Compleat Angler* of the present day, however splendid the getting up, to the quaint little pocket volume of 1653?" Yes, but the quaint little pocket volume costs money which the angler has not always in his pocket. The *Compleat Angler* was estimated at 12s. 12s. in 1847 (a copy for 14s. was recently on sale), but the price now reaches 50s. or 60s., and we think Beckford's brought 85s. So we cannot all own the edition of 1653, though, for our own part, we do not despair of hooking it some day, on the Quais, for half a franc. With this expression of the faith which the author of *The Secrets of Angling* commends to fishermen, we leave the admirable and most useful *Bibliotheca Piscatoria* to the kindness of all collectors, and all who cast angle in the brooks.

THE ENGLISH CITIZEN—THE LAND LAWS.*

OF all the volumes of this useful series few have been expected with greater interest than Mr. Pollock's *Land Laws*. An authority of considerable eminence has given it as his opinion that if a subject is to be specified on which more nonsense has been talked than on any other subject in these days, that subject is education. There is much to be said for this, and we do not ourselves feel inclined to contest it. But for a second string, without the necessity of declaring to win with either, we should certainly take the Land-laws. The extraordinary and complicated malevolence and malfesance which are attributed by many popular speakers and writers to these laws exceed the power of man to describe, except at great length. In some mysterious way they make town houses dear and bad, country houses dear and for the most part impossible. They send the younger sons of Great Britain penniless about the world, and expose the daughters of that country to fates still more awful. To judge by the way in which not only unlettered demagogues but members of Parliament talk of primogeniture and entail, it might be imagined that every man who owns a yard of land is bound under pain of instant execution to settle it in tail male in the strictest fashion known to the most cunning of real-property lawyers. That every acre of unsettled land can be left in equal portions to the testator's footmen if he pleases, and that, except by the free-will of the persons in remainder, settlements themselves can only be kept up for a very few years, are (not to mention Lord Cairns's recent legislation) things probably unknown to some people who talk and write about primogeniture and entail, and certainly ignored by the vast majority of them. That, on the other hand, the land system of England is one of the most interesting of legal questions, historically speaking, and has produced one of the most satisfactory results known to economic investigation, is a fact, and a fact constantly ignored. When an authority like the Corpus Professor of Jurisprudence, who yields in knowledge and in literary and intellectual power to very few contemporary writers of his class, treats such a subject, his work may reasonably, as Mr. Gargery would say, be "looked forward to betwixt us as being calculated to lead to Larks."

It does lead to larks, and though in one or two instances Mr. Pollock has a little disappointed us (of which more presently), the book as a whole can be spoken of with the heartiest praise. For its patient collection and clear statement of facts on a great and confused subject, it will stand comparison with Sir T. H. Farrer's *State in Relation to Trade*, while the erudition required and displayed in its production is incomparably greater than that needed in the treatment of merely modern subjects. Through the Anglo-Saxon customs, the mediæval system, the development of the great statutes which came after the decay of that system at the hands of generations of shrewd and patient real-property lawyers, Mr. Pollock has worked his way with a fulness of knowledge and a certainty of touch which are altogether admirable. Keeping, as he does for the most part, close to the historical method, and never allowing theory to carry him away, Mr. Pollock's account of the matter may be briefly differentiated from almost all previous popular accounts by saying that he gives his readers what is known to be the fact about land tenure in England (he does not touch Ireland or Scotland), and not what might, could, should, or would have been the fact if certain theories and generalizations were true. A point to be particularly noticed is the way in which, writing avowedly for laymen, he has enlivened the course of his narrative with a sufficiency, and not more than a sufficiency, of unobtrusive humour. Since the famous picture of the atoms and their way of drifting in the *De Rerum Natura*, we know nothing more calculated to make a man's blood run cold than Mr. Pollock's calm statement of the law (as opposed to certain modern theories) of the rights of man over land which is not technically his. "What right a short time ago hadst thou even to be?" says Mr. Carlyle, fetching one of his swashing blows by anticipation at the Mr. Wallaces and Mr. Georges, who then were not. This absence of a right to be anywhere is, according to Mr. Pollock, strictly part of the common law. "I am not aware," he says in his judicial manner, "that the public at large have a strict right to be anywhere except on highways (including estuaries and navigable rivers) and public paths, in places expressly dedicated to public use and enjoyment by their former owners or by Acts of Parliament, and on the foreshore of the sea between high and low water mark. And," adds Mr. Pollock, careful, as the theologians say, lest any should presume, "the right to be even on a highway is limited to passing and repassing." This universal "move on" is very impressive to the imagination, and will probably drive the Democratic Federation (if it reads good books like this) nearly frantic. A little before this Mr. Pollock has destroyed one of our cherished illusions by letting out the secret that the nails and horseshoes which the City hands over to the Queen's Remembrancer every autumn "do duty over and over again," and are, in short, little better than dummies. But surely the faggots are real and fresh? A faggot would console us a little. In dealing with the custom of borough-English, or what may be barbarously called ultimogeniture, Mr. Pollock might, perhaps, have pointed out the very curious indications existing in myth and story of the wide prevalence of that strange rule. But if there is any shortcoming here—and it can hardly be said that

* *The English Citizen—The Land Laws*. By Frederick Pollock. London: Macmillan & Co. 1883.

there is—it is more than made up by the delightful history of the Common Voucher, who “cheerfully passed his life in perennial contempt and liability to fine” at the very moderate tariff of fourpence for each occasion on which his services were required. Very charming, too, and restful to the mind is the grave sentence of that Chief Justice of the Common Pleas who said “he was not worthy to be of the profession of the law who durst speak against common recoveries.” Alas, how many unworthy members does that profession now hold! Of a graver cast, but well worthy of notice, are the few sentences in which Mr. Pollock demolishes the notion repeated by too many respectable historians, that the abolition of feudal incidents was a kind of nefarious pact at the expense of the nation between Charles II. and a landowning Parliament. The general political lesson which Mr. Pollock illustrates, and occasionally, though rarely, refers to directly—the lesson of the futility as well as the impolicy of endeavouring to meddle by statute with the disposition and tenure of property, is not only one of great value, but is enforced with much vigour.

On two points only have we to join issue with Mr. Pollock; and those are points on which we find him opposed to us with some surprise. Whether it is the innate conservatism of almost all lawyers which makes him regard with disfavour the customs of primogeniture and entail, which are comparatively modern, and the system of leasehold house tenure, which is still more so, we cannot say. It is, at least, equally possible that, by one of those curious survivals of the influence of cant which affect even very acute and vigorous minds, the commonplaces of a certain order of politicians not by any means Conservative have had some influence upon him. With regard to primogeniture and, in a less degree, to entail, the complaint that we have to make is not so much that Mr. Pollock preaches unsound doctrine (save, perhaps, in one instance) as that he does not preach the sound doctrine nearly loud enough. His first reference to the subject—a contemptuous allusion to “the loose talk on the matter”—is satisfactory enough; but the hope that it gives that something better than loose talk will here be given is not quite fulfilled. The fact is (and certainly no one knows it better than Mr. Pollock) that in the sense in which it is commonly used the whole phrase “Law of primogeniture”—which he himself rarely, if ever, uses—is inaccurate and misleading. To the layman, if not to the trained lawyer, a law means an injunction to do or forbear doing something; and platform orators undoubtedly do use the phrase as if something in common or statute law enjoined a man to leave his land to his eldest son, or punished him in some way if he leaves it to others. Of course no law of any kind does anything of the sort. If a man, presumably by accident, forgets or forbears to make any disposition of his landed property, the law does for him what he would, judging from the custom of his countrymen, presumably have done for himself, and hands it over to his eldest son. But Mr. Pollock says that this custom “can only be defended by those ingenious arguments which, being manifestly begotten of afterthought, appear convincing only to those persons who need no conviction.” The sentence is so easily retorted that it is a little surprising to find so good a dialectician using it. It would be perfectly easy to say that primogeniture—the custom, not the imaginary law—is so natural a thing that it can only be argued against by those who are determined to listen to no arguments for it. In the first place, primogeniture itself—whatever the English legal custom of it may be—is not a creation of the middle ages. It is, though, of course, not a universal, a general device of the whole world as soon as it emerges from barbarism. And the reason of it is perfectly intelligible. Land ceases to be of proportionate value when largely subdivided. It cannot be used by the possessor without the erection of new homesteads when the stage of patriarchal living in common is passed. There are a thousand other reasons against its division which do not apply to portable and personal property. And, if Mr. Pollock does not bar this as an “afterthought,” we might add that one of the strongest reasons in favour of primogeniture is that in almost every country where it has ceased to be the rule, either artificial restrictions are put on the number of families, or else a custom of the younger sons “renouncing” or taking their portions in other ways than division has grown up. But this is no place to argue out the primogeniture question. We have little more to do than to note that Mr. Pollock seems to treat it with something less than his usual acuteness and absence of prejudice. As to entail, that is a different question. It was no doubt strongly objected to by many great English lawyers, and its advantages are partly sentimental and partly political. But, unless we have missed the passage, Mr. Pollock does not so much as indicate those advantages. Again, his treatment of town leaseholds is a little surprising. We do not say that the urban leasehold system is an ideally good one; indeed, we have no great affection for it; but we are unable to grasp Mr. Pollock’s argument that the freedom of contract plea does not apply to it. Would he have a system of free selection, or selection at fixed prices, applied to all promising residential districts? Because, if not, the landholder will be always free to keep his land unbuilt on—a much more awkward thing for the thronging public than an occasional jerry-built house. If the landowner is to be left free to let or not to let, it is impossible to say that interference with the terms of his letting is not interference with freedom of contract. He might say, I know this land will be valuable, and I will only sell it, or, to borrow a Scotch term, “feu” it, for ever at a very high rate. The average London occupier is not anxious to “plant a terrible

fixed foot,” and he has not much ready-money, though he often has a fair income; the average London builder is not a great capitalist who can afford to buy an estate offhand, but a middle-class capitalist who can afford to promise ground-rent on the chance of getting it back from his tenants. We have no hesitation in saying that the London leasehold system, whatever its inconveniences, has been much more the result of the desires and ability combined of successive generations of occupiers than of any covetousness, or indeed any definite plan of any kind on the part of landholders. To interfere with it in the manner proposed by Mr. Broadhurst would be a proceeding compared with which the high-handedness of the Irish Land Act would disappear. Mr. Broadhurst’s recently announced instances of enormous fines and raisings of rent are really fatal to his own case. Either the terms asked were unreasonable, in which case the landlord would probably be punished by having his house thrown on his hands; or they were reasonable, in which case the tenant must have been for years past deriving proportionate advantage from his lease. No leasehold tenant imagines himself to have any rights beyond his lease, however much he may grumble at being turned out or fined for renewal; and, considering the abundance of houses obtainable on yearly tenancies or short agreements, it cannot be said that any one is forced to take a lease. Mr. Pollock, of course, advocates no such plan as Mr. Broadhurst’s, and he very frankly acknowledges that at present very few leaseholders even imagine themselves to have a grievance. This being so, we cannot quite see why the question should be discussed. If the freeholder prefers it, and the leaseholder does not object to it, why interfere?

On these points, therefore, we take exception, from the political point of view chiefly, to Mr. Pollock’s handling; but these are points of opinion, not of fact. The excellence of the book as a survey of its subject can hardly be too well spoken of.

GOSSE’S ESSAY ON GEORGE TINWORTH.*

THE exhibition of Mr. Tinworth’s works in terra-cotta which was held in the spring of this year will be long remembered. It had an interest over and above its artistic value. As a rule, we have no opportunity of judging of the genius of an artist by comparing the parts of a fairly representative collection of his productions until he has ceased to produce. Such exhibitions are usually held “in memoriam”; but Mr. Tinworth is not only still alive, but has in all probability a long career before him. Moreover, to the great majority of visitors, what they saw in the Conduit Street Gallery was a startling and an agreeable surprise. They learnt that we had among us an artist of considerable power and of undoubted originality. A glance at the catalogue would inform them that this artist had conquered many things besides the difficulties of his art. Every one who stood in the gallery and admired the works arranged round its walls had the pleasure of thinking that he was not only witnessing but helping on the triumph of one who deserved every honour, for it was by means of this exhibition that Mr. Tinworth took his place publicly among the artists of the time. Hitherto he had been little known beyond his own profession and a limited circle of admirers. For these reasons alone the Fine Art Society would have been well advised in making some permanent record of a memorable exhibition. The form in which it has decided to make this record is well chosen. The descriptive catalogue prepared for the exhibition has been republished complete—that is, with the biographical and critical essay by Mr. Gosse, and thirty plates illustrating some fifty works of the artist have been added. These plates are photogravures executed by Messrs. Goupil & Co., by their own improvement on the Woodbury process. It is a costly and elaborate method, but the results fully repay the expense and labour. The forms are given with the precision of photography, while the “values” of the shading are interpreted with the delicacy and fidelity of good etchings. The book is creditable to the Society, and deserves a place of honour in every artistic library.

For sufficiently obvious reasons we prefer to say as little as possible about the literary part of the volume, Mr. Gosse’s sketch of Mr. Tinworth’s life and his critical estimate of his work. It can have been no easy task for Mr. Gosse to write about a man who is still living, and comment on what he has written is likely to be unprofitable. Who would care to discuss Mr. Tinworth’s character before his face? Mr. Gosse has no doubt been properly supplied with the necessary information as to matters of fact, and we must take it for granted that he has Mr. Tinworth’s approval in making public certain details of his family history of a very delicate kind. One criticism, however, we do venture to make, and we do it with the less scruple because we cannot but think that it has already suggested itself to Mr. Tinworth. It is that Mr. Gosse seems a little inclined to over-estimate the difficulties with which the artist has had to contend. There is flattery, no doubt, in telling a successful worker in art or any other field that he has overcome obstacles such as were never conquered before. The self-made man is fond of insisting on some such view of his achievements. Now, although Mr. Tinworth has fought a good fight, and won it, he would, we conceive, be the last man

* *A Critical Essay on the Life and Works of George Tinworth.* By Edmund W. Gosse. With a Descriptive Catalogue annexed. Illustrated by Thirty Plates. Published by the Fine Art Society (Limited), London. 1883.

to deny that he has had many advantages, and, comparatively speaking, an easy victory. If we compare his life with that of Hogarth or Turner or J. F. Millet, it will be seen that he has been well helped on his road. There was no Lambeth School of Design to train the Englishmen in their youth, and no "Doulton's" to give the French man a congenial field for his labours. When Mr. Gosse was revising his essay he would have done well to modify certain passages in which he expresses a too naïve surprise that any good should come out of Nazareth. He speaks as if he were overpowered to discover that genius and taste may exist in Lambeth, and may even be content to remain there. His essay begins with the following reiteration of these astounding facts, which suggests the suspicion that Mr. Gosse has some difficulty in persuading himself of the truth of what he is saying:—

The story of Mr. Tinworth's life should be singularly encouraging and stimulating. He is a man who has been lifted by the force of his own genius out of the poorest class, and who has become a distinguished artist without ceasing to be an artisan. He presents, perhaps, the most remarkable example in our age of a man of imagination who has found the means to express his genius while remaining quietly and unaffectedly in the medium where he was born. It should be said at once that the very original and remarkable sculptor whose work is the subject of this memoir is still a workman in the received sense of the word. When he is not modelling his friezes, he is busy making and ornamenting pots in the Lambeth Pottery, and it has never occurred to him, in the last phrase of artistic pater, to "put on a good coat and go into society." He is simply a potter, who has been a wheelwright; and that this potter is "doubled," as the French say, by a sculptor is a caprice of nature upon which it never occurs to himself to insist. In the following pages we shall sink the potter in the sculptor, noting only that beneficent change in his fortunes which made a potter of the wheelwright.

All this may be abundantly true as a matter of fact, but was it necessary to condescend to Mr. Tinworth in saying it? Mr. Gosse keeps this tone up throughout, and is continually patting the "very original and remarkable sculptor whose work is the subject of this memoir" on the back, and telling him that he is a good, honest, modest fellow, not to presume to leave "the medium where he was born."

The excellent plates which form the valuable part of this volume afford welcome opportunity for making an estimate of Mr. Tinworth's work. As we have already said, they are admirably executed, and they have also been well chosen. They fairly represent the artist's genius. After turning them over, with or without the help of recollections of the exhibition, nobody will be inclined to deny that they represent the work of an original and imaginative artist. Mr. Tinworth's work is emphatically his own. Something must be allowed for technical peculiarities which often give an air of originality to what is artistically neither new nor good. The mere fact that Mr. Tinworth's figures are in exceptionally high relief gives his panels a certain air of peculiarity which is a very different thing from originality. Essentially, too, the biblical scenes in which he is at his best belong to a style of illustration which has long been popular in England. It is, however, quite glory enough that Mr. Tinworth has elevated them into the region of art. The pious readers of the Bible, from whom the artist has received not the least noble part of his training, have at all times tried to bring it home to "the hearts of the people." Their sermons, comments, stories, and most approved style of art have always aimed at making the incidents of the Bible story familiar even at the expense of making them trivial. Mr. Tinworth has done in terra-cotta what a Methodist preacher tries to do by words. To judge from the frankly conventional dress in which he is content to clothe most of his figures, there is probably no conscious effort on his part to be realistic; but the realism exists in all his work. It is not the kind of realism which has been common in religious art for some two generations. Mr. Tinworth has not made his figure of Christ the portrait of some Jew model, nor represented the apostles as Bedouins. His figures are realistic, not because they accurately represented some Oriental people of to-day, but because they are men and women such as may be seen in any street. He has obviously a keen eye for the dramatic in life, and can make a gesture interpret a character. His groups of soldiers, his shouting boys, the struggling crowd which has collected to watch the Saviour carrying His cross to Calvary, the running avenger of blood, or the sympathetic onlookers, have all this human reality in an eminent degree. And Mr. Tinworth can arrange his groups so as to make a picture of them. The emotions which he can express have a considerable range, and they are never false. At times the expression is inadequate and even inappropriate, but as far as it goes it is genuine. If Mr. Tinworth is in a difficulty, he obviously prefers to fail rather than take the right thing at second hand from another. There is nothing conventional in the attitude or expression of his figures.

It is, perhaps, not being over-ingenious to suppose that Mr. Tinworth's weakness as an artist is derived from the same source as his strength. The "anecdotic" quality of his imagination, to borrow the apt phrase of Mr. Gosse, is not always enough, and when it does not reach sufficiently far, there is a deficiency in the artist's work. Lively human groups, rendered with humour and sympathy, are very admirable in their way, and it is much to have done them; but they do not make a great religious work of art. Now Mr. Tinworth has repeatedly attempted subjects of the highest kind. He has given us all the great scenes of the life of Christ, and has always handled them with a certain originality. There is human pathos, and at times a romantic beauty, in parts of these panels; but they are all marked by one fault. Where

what is wanted is the grand and stately beauty which the unbroken tradition of Christian art has made it incumbent on the artist to confer on the central figure, Mr. Tinworth fails. His soldiers, his groups of Jews, his weeping women, and his boys are excellent; but the Christ is commonplace and merely human. The Divine central figure is overpowered by the earthly surroundings. Such failure is fatal to the claim of any religious work of art to a place in the first rank.

In "The Release of Barabbas" again, and in "The Meeting of Jacob and Joseph," Mr. Tinworth's work suffers in another way from want of a due regard for the great classic traditions. These panels are both admirable in parts, but they have the weakness of being overburdened with details. In the first Mr. Tinworth has repeated artistically the sin of the Jews. He has degraded the Messiah to a level with the robber. In the second Jacob and Joseph are lost among their followers, although it is their meeting which is Mr. Tinworth's subject, and not their camels, horses, chariots, and slaves. On comparing either of these panels with "The Descent from the Cross," where the subject imposes a monumental unity of composition on Mr. Tinworth, their inferiority is manifest as works of art. The artist, if he would reach the first rank, must know how to impart unity to his subject, and must not merely allow it to be imposed on him. We return, however, to what we have already said of Mr. Tinworth. He has still a long career before him. He has already done much and may yet do more. Having mastered his tools, he has now to recognize the fact that he is not wholly free in his use of them. A great chain of authorities has established the dogma that in art the great things are beauty and dignity and composition.

A NAVAL CAREER DURING THE OLD WAR.*

THE writer of this singular biography remarks at the end of his preface that his story has been made tolerably complete, and so, no doubt, in one sense it has; but probably the feeling of most readers will be wonder that it should have been thought necessary to tell the story at all, or, at all events, to occupy two hundred and eighty octavo pages in telling it. Admiral John Markham was in no way a remarkable man, and his career was, for the time in which he lived, an uneventful one. He was not present at any great, or even at any very notable sea fight; and his best exploit was the capture of some French ships which had got separated, and had in turn to strike without firing a shot to the line-of-battle ship which he commanded. He was a brave sailor, and, though he once got into a terrible scrape, he did his duty well; but he does not seem to have been animated by any special zeal, and was not of any very heroic type. Before he had reached his fortieth birthday, he left the sea for good; and, though he undoubtedly did excellent work as an Admiralty official, it is difficult to feel any very intense admiration for a naval officer who during the best years of his life contentedly remained ashore while the mighty sea war was raging, and while his brethren, with unsurpassable devotion and courage, were fighting their country's battles all over the world. It is, then, hard to understand why a long biography of him should be offered to the public, and still more hard to understand why it should have been deemed advisable to tell of his ancestry, his father, and his various relations and connexions. He was a worthy man, but not worthy of the honour which is rightly paid to a great man. He had the good fortune to be the son of an energetic clergyman who became in succession head-master of Westminster, tutor to the Princes, Dean of Christ Church, Bishop of Chester, and Archbishop of York. Beyond the fact that he filled these high places, that he enjoyed for long the intimacy of Burke, and that he was in some danger in the Gordon riots, there was nothing memorable in his life; and the account of him which is given in the first chapter of the present biography is of little interest to any but his descendants. Jeremy Bentham, who was at school under him, says, in a passage which is very frankly quoted in the book, that "his business was rather in courting the great than in attending to school," and, whether the charge was true or not, he certainly climbed rapidly to "the highest rung of the ladder but one." The son of so great a dignitary was likely to advance quickly in the navy; and it is significant as showing the position of the father and the son that when, after a few months' service, young John Markham came ashore on leave, he was invited to visit the young Princes at the Queen's house. Now captains in those days were very stern men, and could be stern with youths of high degree; but nevertheless they did not by any means contemn rank. Every one knows the story of the son of an eminent personage whose proficiency in seamanship was tested by a question as to his father's health. A midshipman who went to call on princes was in no very great danger of being harshly dealt with, or debarred from distinguishing himself. It is not, then, astonishing to find that John Markham's captains were kind to him, and that he had every opportunity of doing good work; but at the same time it is only fair to say that clearly he must have been a very intelligent boy, and mastered seamanship and navigation speedily; for when he had been but fifteen months at sea, he was put in charge of a prize, and afterwards, while still a midshipman, he was twice selected for similar duty. On board one of these vessels he did a very mighty deed.

* *A Naval Career during the Old War; being a Narrative of the Life of Admiral John Markham.* London: Sampson Low & Co.

of arms, transcending even what is described in average fiction. He had under him a crew consisting of English seamen and a boy, and of four "Americanized Frenchmen" who had formed part of the original crew. A heavy gale sprang up; the vessel sprang a leak, and was in considerable danger. The English seamen considerably drank themselves into a state of insensibility, and young Markham found himself at the helm, with nobody to aid him in case of difficulty but a boy who was fast asleep on a coil of rope. Such being the state of things, the Americanized Frenchmen determined, not unnaturally, to recapture the vessel. "With this view, one armed with a musket, another with a cutlass, and the two others with handspikes, suddenly rushed upon Markham with the purpose of seizing or killing him. He, however, with prompt activity, sprang aside, snatched up the iron handle of a pump which had been in use, and, attacking the musketeer, with one blow levelled him at his feet. He disabled the man with the cutlass, and drove the other two under the hatches, which he immediately battened down," the ship's boy rendering no aid apparently till the fight was over. Now this assuredly was a most astounding exploit; and there must after all have been in those times some foundation for the belief that one Englishman could with ease beat several Frenchmen. If a lad of seventeen, with nothing but a pump-handle, could dispose of four desperadoes, armed respectively with musket, cutlass, and clubs, what might not be expected from a full-grown man? Owing possibly to this prevalent belief, John Markham's marvellous feat attracted apparently no notice. Perhaps it was thought merely to indicate that he was a rather forward boy.

Some two years after this event, when he had been but little more than four years in the service, he was made an acting lieutenant by the captain of the *Roebeck* (44), and he was serving on board this vessel when, during the siege of Charleston, Admiral Arbuthnot took her past Fort Moultrie under a heavy fire. For the courage and zeal which he displayed in the operations before Charleston he was confirmed as lieutenant by the Admiral; and after this promotion he continued to rise rapidly, as in 1781 he became first lieutenant of the *London* (74), carrying the flag of Admiral Graves, and he occupied this responsible and difficult position when that officer fought his inconclusive engagement in Chesapeake Bay. Strange to say, this sea fight, the attack just mentioned, and the capture of Fort Royal in 1794, were the only engagements of any note which Admiral Markham witnessed during the whole of his naval career.

Not long after Admiral Graves's action a very terrible misfortune befel him. When commanding the sloop *Zebra*, to which he had been appointed, he sighted and approached a brig, which behaved in very suspicious fashion. She showed, after a time, the Union Jack in a manner which was then held to indicate that it was a flag of truce, but she was handled in such a manner that Captain Markham very naturally came to the conclusion that she was an enemy and fired into her. She turned out to be "a flag of truce with prisoners bound for Port Royal." The French officer in command of her made a bitter and very untruthful complaint against the English sailor on his arrival at that place. Captain Markham was tried on the grave charge of firing on a flag of truce, found guilty, and sentenced to be dismissed the service. That this tremendous sentence was far too severe does not admit of a doubt. The young commander of the *Zebra* may have merited some slight censure; but to destroy the whole future of an officer of the highest character, and to mark him with the stigma of lasting disgrace, was, even in those Draconic days, utterly unjustifiable. It is to be observed, however, that Hood was president of the court-martial, and possibly some explanation can be found for the extraordinary severity of the sentence. In fighting this his first action Captain Markham does not appear to have handled his ship at all well, as in endeavouring to avoid being raked, he seems to have got her in irons, and to have made a sternboard into the brig, a clumsy proceeding, and precisely what he ought not to have done, as the French vessel was full of troops. To the severe naval martinet of those days bad seamanship in action appeared a tremendous offence, and perhaps the members of the court thought, in a most illogical way, that having got the ship in irons aggravated the offence of firing on a flag of truce, and gave, accordingly, their very wrong judgment. Of course it did not stand for long. Rodney disapproved of it, and with such interest as Captain Markham had, it was little likely that he would suffer from any injustice which could be repaired. Rodney reinstated him provisionally, and the Admiralty very rightly reinstated him fully and gave him his half-pay for the time he had been out of the service, thus thoroughly wiping out the gross wrong which had been done.

He received post-captain's rank very shortly after his restoration to the navy, and commanded several ships in succession; but he had not the good fortune to achieve anything noteworthy in them. His first vessel was the *Sphynx*, which he commanded during three years of peace, when of course there was nought but easy work for English sailors to do. After paying the ship off he was six years on half-pay, and, seeing how moderate his achievements were, it might be expected that his biographer would describe these years in a few lines; but, unfortunately, he is absolutely without mercy for his readers, inflicts a dreary chapter, concerning which it can only be said that it sets the reader speculating as to how it can possibly be supposed to interest any but members of the family. He might, however, be pardoned if he sinned only in this chapter; but, unfortunately, the mistake does not stand alone,

and there is in various parts of the book a mass of detail which the most moderate sense of fitness and proportion would have prevented the writer from thrusting on the world. We may desire to know everything that can be known about Nelson, or Collingwood, or Jervis, or Sir Sidney Smith, or Pellew, or about such lesser stars as Willoughby or Jahlleel Brenton; but who can possibly care to learn that Captain John Markham, when in the Mediterranean, was thought to be in love with a young lady, but that nothing came of it; that he planned a tour with his friend Lord Wycombe, and duly made it; that when he was on board a merchant ship two dozen cod and a halibut were caught; that it was his fashion to call his wife "Squib," and that he and she had during the first years of their marriage a mutual interest in their attachment to the dog "Bob"? and who, it may reasonably be asked, can care in the least for the copious information about the Admiral's relatives and connexions which is given in the book? It is strange that the author, who clearly is no unpractised penman, should fail to see the difference between what interests a family and what interests the general public, and should not perceive that he makes his hero smaller rather than greater by burlesquing a method of treatment which should be reserved for really distinguished men. Putting aside what is irrelevant and unnecessary, Admiral Markham's career as a captain may be briefly described. He commanded the *Blonde* frigate, and took part in the capture of Fort Royal. After two years' service in her he was appointed to the *Hannibal* (74), and captured without any fighting at all, apparently, *La Gentille* (42). Afterwards he took his vessel to the West Indies, where his crew fell terribly sick with the scurvy, and he himself became so ill that he had to be invalided home and leave them. In 1797 he was appointed to the *Centaur* (74), and when in command of her he captured three French frigates—the *Junon* (38), the *Alceste* (36), the *Courageux* (36), and two brigs, two English frigates being astern of him, and the English fleet near, but not in sight. As has been said above, the French vessels got separated, and they made apparently no resistance whatever; but the capture was, of course, creditable to the English captain. Subsequently the *Centaur* took part in the blockade of Brest for a long period with two brief intermissions. In January 1801 Captain Markham quitted her, as he had been appointed a Lord of the Admiralty, and when he handed her over to Captain Littlehales, who was to take her back to the blockade, he gave up active service, as he did not afterwards hoist his pennant and never hoisted his Admiral's flag.

Of the remainder of his life little need be said. There may be some interest in a naval career, but there can hardly be any in that of a subordinate politician. Captain Markham got into Parliament at once, and carried through the House of Commons the much-needed Bill for an inquiry into naval abuses generally. He remained at the Admiralty until the retirement of Lord St. Vincent, who, as every one knows, has always been admired for his noble attempts to stop corruption, but has been criticized for not leaving the navy in so efficient a state as it should have been. After Lord St. Vincent had left the Admiralty, Admiral Markham entered it again for a short time, as he was first sea lord in the Administration of "all the talents." Although not forty-three when he got his flag, he never seems to have felt any desire to command a fleet or a squadron, but he continued for many years to do some work as a member of Parliament. He died at Naples on February 13, 1827.

That he was a courageous seaman, and that he served his country faithfully, is obvious from the lengthy pages of the biography, and it is also obvious that he was a thoroughly honourable and upright politician; but he never did anything striking, or figured in any of the great scenes of naval history, and he was content to give up active service when comparatively young. If his life was to be written at all, it should have been written briefly, and the best that can be said of the present book is that it is a very dull and very honest work about a very worthy but commonplace man.

ALL IN A GARDEN FAIR.*

MR. BESANT has the rare and happy art of touching common things and ordinary people with a fine point of sympathy and romance which lends something delightfully fantastic to the reality of his scenes and personages, and endows the most fanciful of his creations with the substance and solidity of actual experience. This is, in truth, what is called the "vision" of the poet, looking at nature and humanity not so much from the distance that enchants as from the elevation that comprehends. He sees clearly, attentively, without illusion, but not with the eyes of a rag-picker groping among the garbage of the gutter. His is not the "naturalism" that wallows in the sewers and the stews, but rather the naturalism of a keen and kindly intelligence to which nothing human is alien or indifferent. He does not care to go far afield for his pictures; the corner of the world around and about him is wide enough for observation and study. An English landscape, an English row of houses in a suburb, or on the skirts of a cockneyed "forest," supplies him with interesting characters and with incidents that compose the tragedy or the comedy of human lives and fortunes. Without being in the least degree didactic, he is too much in earnest to make phrases for

* *All in a Garden Fair: the Simple Story of Three Boys and a Girl.* By Walter Besant. 3 vols. London: Chatto & Windus.

mere sound's sake; and he is too skilful in the perspective of his art to follow the example of that modern school of actors who mistake the vulgar for the real and the trivial for the true. There are plenty of novelists who write, as they imagine, out of the abundance of their hearts; there are comparatively few who write out of the abundance of their minds. Feelings are the dangerous guides that lure many a gifted female romancer to defiance of grammar, syntax, reason, common sense, and all the decencies and the restraints of civilized society. Let us commend to these literary bacchantes a careful perusal of pages which are written out of the abundance of knowledge—of the knowledge of human life in all its aspects of nobleness and of baseness, in all its depths of mystery as exemplified in history, as probed by science, as modified on the surface only by change of manners, of modes of thought, of usages. In all that Mr. Besant has written, one cannot but recognize a strength, a seriousness, a sincerity, a fulness and clearness of thought, a confident workmanship that commands respect. He seems to write with that enjoyment of his art in which every reader becomes a communicant; and his easy manipulation of the implements of his craft relieves his readers from all sense of artificiality or effort.

With a courage which may truly be called romantic Mr. Besant has pitched the scene of his present story within a measurable distance of Whitechapel Road, in a corner of Essex sacred to summer holiday vans and Cockney outings. Surely it needs the vision and the faculty divine in no common measure to discover the situation and the personages of a charming and delicate love-story on the road to Epping. "The Garden Fair" is not precisely on the road to Epping, but it is on the fringe of what was once the Royal Forest of Hainault. Hainault has a nobler sound than Epping, and, "as every schoolboy knows"—but we are not immediately concerned with early English history. On this chosen spot, very little off the beaten track of London tramways, Mr. Besant introduces us to a village of considerable rusticity, with a tumble-down old church, a green, and all the silence and mystery of a wood that was once a forest close by. The principal inhabitants among *nos bons villageois* are a group of interesting bankrupts who have failed "in the City," for amounts of more or less importance to their creditors, in some crash or crisis, and have come out of the liquidation or composition or catastrophe with light hearts and easy consciences, and apparently in not altogether uncomfortable circumstances. These retired warriors of 'Change and counter do not travel Citywards now of a morning, but all their talk, as they meet on the green, is of the City still; and, in their own set, the man who has failed for the largest amount and spread the widest ruin with his fall is the most respected. The novelist's keen but genial irony plays upon these respectable British worthies with infinite humour. Perhaps the former Lord Mayor is somewhat too like the conventional alderman in a farce, and Mr. Colliber reminds us too much of Carker and of Dickens's trick of "making up" his characters like stage-masks. But the art with which the minds and characters of these men are disclosed in their manners and conversation is of the shrewdest quality. These, however, are only secondary figures in the story. The heroes—for there are several—are three lads, a girl, and her father, a French tutor and teacher. In the very first chapter the keynote of the romance is struck, or, let us say, in modern musical phrase, the *leitmotif* is heard in the overture. The three lads and the girl are playing in the forest in all the happy innocence of their early teens. The Frenchman is with his daughter, and, after a little picnic, it is proposed by her that the boys shall have a race for an orange. Claire holds the prize; the Frenchman looks on at the harmless sport with a quiet philosophic smile as he remarks "the little coquetry of his daughter and the emulation of the boys." He remembers the contest for the golden apple on Ida, and imagines the golden apple passed into a golden ring, and "Claire, my angel, thou wilt be worth many golden apples. . . . Now in the big race which may come afterwards, to whom would the girl bestow her prize? An orange or an apple may be divided in halves, but a woman? No; she is like the Republic, one and indivisible."

Well, the race for the orange is run, and Willie, "a lad of mettle who liked fair fighting and the rigour of the game; a boy with plenty of ability, as was shown by his broad forehead and clear-cut nostril, yet perhaps without the yearning for books which makes a scholar and a writer," Willie is winning easily; but he turns to laugh at the second, catches his foot in a tuft of grass, and falls; he is up in a moment, but can only make it a dead beat; the third boy continues the race long after it is hopeless, and comes in with a smiling and satisfied face.

Here, then, we have the three boyish competitors for the prize of life—Willie energetic, practical, resolute; Allen ambitious, sensitive, eager; Tommy confident, conceited, and self-complacent. Now which of these three lads shall win Claire? The whole story turns on this; and Mr. Besant has contrived to make of it a curiously vivid and penetrating study of the influence of temperament on character, of character on conduct, and of conduct on career. We see the boys grow up from happy, artless childhood to schooldays, always as neighbours and playfellows in the village, as schoolfellows under M. Philipon, as boyish lovers of M. Philipon's only daughter, a singularly sweet and fresh Miranda of mingled French and English blood, until the vernal season is over and they become clerks in City houses, returning to the village of an evening, and with only the Sundays free. Allen, the sensitive and dreamy, to the delight of M. Philipon and the despair of his mother, develops

a distaste for the counter and the desk, writes verse by stealth, becomes more and more abandoned to dreams and fancies, and more and more impatient of a life of prose. Every Saturday afternoon, accompanied by Will, he devotes to a poet's apprenticeship in life and in art; he visits galleries, exhibitions, theatres, and, above all, the populous thoroughfares of the labouring and suffering poor. At length he takes the final and fatal plunge into a literary life, writes poetry for which no publisher can be found, articles which appear nowhere, until, dining at a Fleet Street tavern, he becomes acquainted with a veteran man of letters, who takes him up and introduces him to the proprietors of the organ of the leather trade. Of this organ the youthful poet is made editor, and he astonishes the publisher and the public by the varied literature with which he fills the vacant spaces in its columns. He is not contented, of course; he consumes his heart in disenchantment and disappointment, but he is faithful to his Muse. After a while he is presented to a charming old lady who has been engaged in literary work for many years, and at whose house are to be met the minor stars and some even of the larger planets of the London literary firmament.

So Allen, as we perceive, blossoms into a poet of more or less unfulfilled renown, but in a certain very limited circle accredited and accepted, and not entirely unhappy perhaps in his consciousness of being imperfectly appreciated by the multitude. In the meantime Claire is also grown up out of girlhood; and her three admirers have united in signing a letter to her avowing their joint and several loves for her, and offering to abide her decision between them at the end of three years. During this period neither of them is to steal a march on the others or to solicit the beloved object on his own account. The father of Claire, M. Philipon, assents to this self-denying ordinance, and Claire for her part fulfils it most conscientiously. Willie goes to China; he writes seldom home, and never is betrayed into sentiment. Tommy the fat boy, and the last in the race for the orange, has followed his bent, and attained the moral stature of a vain and vulgar little snob, with all a snob's base enjoyments and mean admirations and sordid ambitions. He is evidently out of the running altogether from the first, and he is the only one of the three who, confident in his comparative wealth, presumes to forget the rules of the race, and is discomfited accordingly. Allen the poet, with his loving and lovable nature, his winning sadness, and his appeals to sympathy, has obvious advantages, and he is constantly with Claire, to whom he confides all his sufferings and his dreams. Only in the course of his literary life in London he has become the spoilt child of a family of sentimental and aesthetic enthusiasts, and particularly of a certain Miss Isabel, who recites his poetry and generally dedicates herself to the encouragement and expansion of his genius. Willie is thousands of miles away; but are the absent always in the wrong? Willie is a practical man and no poet; but is it an advantage in such a case to young poets whose genius the world has not yet discovered to be always at home and at hand? Claire, it should be remembered, is a girl in whom French sentiment is combined with French wit, and English affectionateness with English good sense. So when Willie comes home again, and the three years have expired, to whom will she give the golden apple? We leave to the reader to discover this secret, and also the destiny of Miss Isabel.

The silent and secret travail of Claire's affections during this period of observation and experience affords Mr. Besant the opportunity for a most acute psychological dissection of character, and a profound study, disguised rather than exhibited by many fine and subtle touches, of those results of character which make up the sarcasm of human life.

But it would be a great injustice to this story to pass by unnoticed the admirable portrait of the Frenchman. When will a French novelist draw an Englishman with a force and a fidelity so generous and so humorous withal? This M. Philipon is a political refugee, who in his youth was a poet of the barricades—a poet only read by the compositors who set his verses up. He has the democratic fervour, the belief in revolution for its own sake, the faith in the People (with a capital P), the passion for fine phrases and formulas, the preference for the abstract, and, at the same time, a genuine enthusiasm for humanity, a self-denial and simplicity, a sense of social equality, and a self-respect which constitute a typical Frenchman. Once or twice, indeed, Mr. Besant forgets the type and is betrayed into caricature. For instance, M. Philipon's parting address to his pupils is downright farce, and his speech about "Woman" and "Girl" is a scene in a burlesque. But M. Philipon's feasts, in which there is so little meat and so much green food; the astonishment of the natives, and especially of the local butcher, at his habitual diet—all this is genuine comedy. The City characters, too, are vigorously drawn, if here and there with somewhat of an inclination to the grotesque. The ex-Lord Mayor, who is incessantly repeating a complimentary remark of the Prince of Wales, is a figure of the comic stage. But Mr. Colliber (except for his theatrical make-up) is etched with a merciless power. And even more original in conception and design is the mode in which this colossal bankrupt is represented as using the weak and vicious Olynthus (the Tommy of the earlier pages of the story) as a lay-figure for his own acoundrelly schemes as a Company promoter, and as a footstool for the recovery of his own ill-gotten fortunes. The novel is full of passages of fine reflection, which we should be glad to detach from the context, but which every careful reader (for this is not a novel to be skipped) may be trusted to discern and to enjoy.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.
VI.—CONCLUDING NOTICES.

BEFORE proceeding to mention in each class those books which have come to hand since our articles were commenced, we may take two or three volumes which do not quite fall under any denomination in particular. Some are of the nature of topographical serials. *Our Own Country*, for instance, is the sixth and concluding volume of a work which has been issued by Messrs. Cassell in parts. It contains chapters on Canterbury, Rugby, Iona, Richmond, St. David's, Donegal, and many other places, profusely and prettily illustrated with both woodcuts and maps. The descriptions are fairly accurate, but are rather dry as a rule. This is better than being too flowery, and the best authorities seem to have been consulted. A similar serial, issued by the same firm, has reached the end of its first volume. This is *Greater London*, a compilation of the same character as *Old and New London*, but describing the remoter suburbs, such as Twickenham, Stanwell, Epping Forest, Ilford, and Acton. The woodcuts are very superior to those in the earlier work. The text is a mosaic from the books of Lysons, Jesse, and Thorne, with a few judiciously selected passages from minor writers. A mere glance through the illustrations shows how much a systematic tour round Middlesex might bring to light of antiquarian and picturesque interest. We have views of Perivale, or Little Greenford, Church, in a parish seven miles from the Marble Arch, which only contains five houses, and of Whitechurch, or Little Stanmore, Church, famous for the possession of Handel's organ, and for the curious style of "Queen Anne" in which it was built by the Duke of Chandos. Yet how few ever visit such out-of-the-way places! We may safely recommend *Greater London*, especially to readers who do not require original study or new historical discoveries.

Of a different type is *The Amenities of Home*, by Mrs. Valentine (Warne), an excellent little manual of morals and manners for family use. The author has observed with real insight the apparently trifling matters of every-day life—matters which are really important to the happiness of those who have to live with others under the same roof. Her kindly advice is well worthy of attention. *Thoughts and Stories for Girls* may be bracketed with *Amenities of Home*. It is written by Miss Mayo, and published by Messrs. Routledge. It is full of good advice, but the stories have too often unhappy endings. In a list of books for girls from eight to twelve we have such writers as Miss Florence Montgomery, whose stories, however interesting in themselves and well written, are sometimes of a morbid self-conscious kind which we should wish most earnestly to keep out of the schoolroom. Of a totally distinct class is another anomalous book. *A Cambridge Staircase* (Sampson Low) is a typical example of one of the evil tendencies of the day. The young gentleman to whom we are indebted for some of the longest sentences in the English language wrote a rather amusing little book about life at Eton. Naturally, having gone up to Cambridge, he has to describe life there; but, though he spreads these great sentences like nets over his little pages, we fail to discern a fish in the shape of a bright thought or a clever saying. It is a cruel kindness to take any notice of these crude performances. Before the writer is more than half educated, the habit of rushing into print will have involved him in a style of writing and a mode of thought from which he may not be able to extricate himself to the end of his life.

Of Christmas Numbers we have received *Vanity Fair*, which, except for the fables, was scarcely worth the trouble of publishing; *Holly Leaves*, which has one excellent picture entitled "A Christmas Sermon," representing a jackdaw on a gate surrounded by geese; and the *Graphic*, in which we find many pretty pictures, especially those by Mr. Caldecott, and the large chromolithographs after Mr. Rivière and Mr. Barber, which are not likely to be long in any house where there are children before they are displayed on the nursery wall. The same fate may be predicted for the large coloured plates issued with the Christmas Number of the *Illustrated London News*, one of them after Miss Kate Greenaway, the other after Mr. Long, R.A.

The *Belgravia Annual* in no way differs from an ordinary number of the monthly magazine of the same name. *The Mistletoe Bough* is a complete story by Miss Braddon, the scene laid in Paris during the siege. It is interesting. One of the best annuals of this type we have received is *A Great Heiress*, by R. E. Francillon, published by Messrs. Grant & Co., and marked with the words "Grant's Christmas Annual for 1883." *Hood's Comic Annual*, when we think of the name it bears and its present conditions, becomes almost tragic. *Round the Ingle* is a set of well-selected stories issued by the *Home Words* office, and suited for a religious fireside. *Time*, for December, also calls itself a Christmas Number, but contains nothing out of the common, except some very fair woodcuts. *The Gentleman's Annual* is made up of two very readable stories, "Valerie's Fate," by Mrs. Alexander, which relates to English people in Paris; and "The Lady of Brantôme," by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, which describes the fortunes of a stage-struck young lady. *The Theatre Annual* has a pathetic account of the life and death of Lion, "the dog actor," who took such a prominent part in the *Romany Rye*, by Mr. Wilson Barrett, and other pieces grave or gay. *The Black Speck* (Willoughby) is a sensible temperance tale by Mr. F. W. Robinson, issued in the shape and size of an illustrated newspaper.

We have received a few religious and devotional volumes. *The Coloured Bible* (Routledge) is printed in tints. *The Bible Emblem Birthday Book* (Routledge) may serve to mollify the

rigours of a Scotch Sabbath. The lining of the cover is perhaps to the unregenerate mind the prettiest part of the little volume. It recalls spring and liberty. When so many beautiful hymns are to be found at large, it is painful to have to notice the doggerel contained in a book irreverently named *The Voice of Jesus* (Nisbet); it is prefaced with an adulatory notice by the Rev. Dr. Macmillan. *A New Year's Gift* (Marcus Ward) is a pleasant contrast. The simple words of Scripture are arranged in a kind of mosaic, and bound in three pretty little volumes in a case. The selection is made by the author of *Morning and Night Watches*.

Vanity Fair Album is before us in its fifteenth series. The idea is "becoming monotonous." But, if we must have likenesses of "celebrities," who in most cases are no celebrities at all, we confess they look best as portraits and not as caricatures. There are specimens of both in the present volume, those which are marked "T.," an easily recognized signature, being what may be called "free portraits," in the same way that we talk of "free translations." They give the sense of the original, and are often more like than a direct transcript. But some of these "T." portraits are so charming that we can well imagine the "patient's" wife hanging one of them on the walls of her boudoir. We need only instance the portraits of General Ponsonby, Colonel Vivian, and Mr. W. T. Marriott. Of the absolute caricatures, that of Mr. Hinde Palmer is perhaps one of the best, though that of Dr. Quain is nearly as good. It is evident that the artist who came to caricature Mr. Lawes ended by flattering him altogether.

The annuals, besides those noticed in our first article (November 17, 1883), are numerous. Among them we may specially mention an old favourite, *Peter Parley's Annual* (George), which wiled away many a weary hour in the childhood of people now almost old. Some of the coloured pictures are very gaudy, but others are more satisfactory, and one, facing p. 88, gives an accurate representation of a spider and a dragon-fly. The letter-press comprises natural history, biography, and adventures, and is as lively and entertaining as ever. *Every Boy's Book* (Routledge) professes to be "a complete encyclopedia of sports and amusements," and we need only observe of it that it is now in its fifteenth edition, and contains several additional articles, including the new laws of "Association Football," fretwork, and the tricycle. *The Ladies' Treasury* (Bemrose) contains much useful information upon all sorts of topics. The fashion-plates are particularly good for those people who like the Paris modes. *Cassell's Family Magazine* (Cassell), of which the new volume is before us, deserves a word of praise for the great improvement of the woodcuts as compared with those of a few years ago. It contains the complete novel "Pardoned," by the author of "In a Minor Key." A volume—the first—of *Merry England* (Office) has also appeared. It is remarkable among its gorgeous competitors for the sobriety and neatness of its binding, emblematic of the serious tone of most of its contents, which, though we would not have them altered, somewhat belie the title. If goodness and merriment are supposed to go together, this is as it should be. There are several effective etchings, the most interesting—which represents Mr. Wilfrid Blunt in Arab dress—being by no means the best. The view of St. Albans, by Mr. Ellis, with a scaffolding before the west front of the church, will be an enduring memorial of the progress of Sir E. Beckett's celebrated "restoration." Among the contributors are Mrs. Butler (Miss Elizabeth Thompson), Colonel Butler, Mr. Saintsbury, Mrs. Meynell, and other well-known artists and writers. *Little Wideawake* (Routledge) has always been a favourite in the nursery, and will probably, to judge by the attractive appearance of the new volume, continue so. There are illustrations by Mr. Harrison Weir and Miss Greenaway; but some of the chromolithographs are so staring that we have doubts as to the reception of the annual in æsthetic households, where it is now considered a crime to familiarize a child's eyes with inharmonious colouring. *The Union Jack* (Sampson Low) is described on the title-page as "a magazine of healthy, stirring tales of adventure by Sea and Land," and quite fulfils the promise. We are sorry to observe that it appears for the last time, at least under the editorship of the indefatigable Mr. G. A. Henty. *Sunday at Home* (Religious Tract Society) does not fail in its annual task of providing interesting and healthy serial stories by well-known writers, and as usual has religious papers, chiefly of a Nonconformist character. The print is trying to the eyes and the paper thin. *The Child's Instructor* (Ward & Lock) professes to be a complete course of elementary instruction by means of toys, pictures, and stories. If it was bound in smaller portions, it would be a most delightful means by which to "teach the young idea," and the pictures are very pretty and not too ambitious. The print and paper are excellent. *The Leisure Hour* (Religious Tract Society) has a more pleasing appearance than its companion *Sunday at Home*, and has some very good woodcuts, as well as a rather over-coloured frontispiece after Mr. Birket Foster. *The Christian World Annual* (Clarke) contains six stories of the novelette type. We have also received *Dickory Dock* (Ward & Lock), being the children's Picture Annual for 1883.

Of reprints and new editions we have received Andersen's *Stories for the Household*, Grimm's *Household Stories*, *The Swiss Family Robinson*, in words of one syllable, and *Robinson Crusoe*, on the same principle, all from Messrs. Routledge.

Of books for boys and girls we have received a considerable number in addition to those already noticed. *Madge Hilton*, by Agnes C. Maitland (Sonnenschein), is, like some other stories we have mentioned this year, about a "sister-mother," and is prettily told.

The Old House in the Square, by Alice Weber (Routledge), tells of boys and girls who are really like young people. They quarrel and are unjust and naughty in their tempers, they are prejudiced against a Scotch boy who comes to stay with them, and altogether they exhibit that human mixture of good and bad which is to be found where a healthy body and a vigorous mind are allowed to develop themselves freely. *From May to Christmas* (Griffith & Farran) is by Mrs. Sanford, and may be described as a harmless story with the appearance of having been written to fit the pictures, some of which are of exceptional excellence and evidently from America, where the scene is laid. *Nights with Uncle Remus*, by Joel Chandler Harris, is issued in a copyright edition with spirited illustrations by Messrs. Routledge. No recommendation is needed to increase its brilliant reputation. *Blind Man's Holiday* (Warne) is made up of foolish little tales very unlike real life. *In the Pond and on the Hill*, by Bishop Jorgen Moe (Suttaby), is a collection of four charming stories translated from the Norwegian by Miss Jessie Young. Another translation is *Coward and Hero*, by Mrs. Sale Barker, from the French (Routledge). English boys will read with surprise to what depths of poltroonery a French boy may descend and yet live to grow up a military hero. *Aida's Leap*, by the Hon. Mrs. Green (Nelson), contains three rather sensational stories. *Asheldon Schoolroom*, by Frances M. Peard (Routledge), will suit both boys and girls. *School-Girls all the World Over* (Routledge) is a book very much out of the ordinary line. The word "school" had better have been omitted from the title. The illustrations are good, and we are taken in a graphic way to many different countries. Similarly cosmopolitan are *Old Wives' Fables* (Routledge), a volume of thrilling adventures and fairy tales from all countries, with spirited illustrations by a foreign artist somewhat in the manner of Doré's early work. We have received eight little volumes of a small series published by Messrs. Blackie and written by well-known authors. We can cordially recommend them all, and especially *Climbing the Hill*, by Annie S. Swan, a tale of humble life. *Daintree*, by Bernard Heldmann (Nisbet), is a survival from a past age. It is well for the rising generation that fathers are no longer, or but seldom, like the godly tyrant here described. Every page bristles with misapplied texts. *The Book of English Fairy Tales* (Sonnenschein) is an attempt by Dr. Fryer to remind us that, though Grimm and Andersen have long had a monopoly, there are stories of native growth full as good as theirs. They are well arranged, and give us simple versions of "The Fish and the Ring," "Sir Guy the Seeker," "The Heir of Lambton," and eight other legends from the northern parts of England. We may heartily praise this little—too little—volume. *Cheep and Chatter; or, Lessons from Field and Tree*, by Alice Banks (Blackie), is a pretty, pleasant, goody book, with excellent illustrations by Gordon Browne, some of them almost worthy of the lamented Richard Doyle.

The best of the picture books have already been noticed. *The Minstrels and Pantomime* are vulgar and gaudy, without being funny. We must protest against the production of such literature for the nursery. *Two Little Friends*, *The Old Farm Gate*, and *The Young Coasters* are all healthy, pretty books; so is *For Very Little People*, by Mrs. Sale Barker (all from Messrs. Routledge). Babies will be delighted with Mrs. Barker's "five little pigs."

Among books of adventure we have still a few to mention. *Unac, the Indian*, is a tale of Central America, adapted from the French by Henry Frith (Routledge), and is only too thrilling. The characters of Celestin and Pelican are amusing, but absurd. *Cape Cod Folks*, by Sally Pratt McLean (Griffith & Farran), is a domestic story of life in Newfoundland, and will be very new in many respects to English readers. *The Madman and the Pirate* is by Mr. R. M. Ballantyne (Nisbet). His name, the list of his works on the title-page, and a look at the frontispiece have frightened us so much that we are unable to go further into the book. How boys will like it, and how many Christmas nightmares will it inspire! Another book into which, for a different reason, we have only dipped is *The Boys of Raby*, by F. V. White (Sonnenschein). We always read prefaces; and, having read Mr. White's, we can go no further. It consists of two sentences, each of which fills a long paragraph. The author characterizes his own work as "graphically drawn," as "gorgeous," as crowded with "fascinating incidents," and his hero as "a perfect model of the quintessence of true heroism for all boys." His book, he tells us, is "a most exhaustively complete manual for boys." We must take him at his word, as we would not read another such sentence for the world.

We have left but little space in which to notice the liberal supply of things for use and ornament which have come among Christmas books from Messrs. De la Rue. The Diaries are even better and prettier than in former years. We must mention in particular No. 3,544. It contains all kinds of useful information in clear type on Postage, High Water, Sunrise, Foreign Coinage, and innumerable other things, besides space for notes, and it is beautifully covered in dark Russia lined with buff. This is, perhaps, the handsomest diary of the year; but No. 2,852 is nearly as good, and of a size better suited to the pocket of a lady. No. 2,240 is chiefly remarkable for the binding, which is lovely, and a model of good and tasteful tooling. No. 7,200 is plainer and smaller, but contains scissors, a place for stamps, and an almanack. The Table Almanacks are of all sizes and shapes, prettily framed, and most convenient. One is decorated with fruits and flowers of the months, but the simpler kinds are on the whole the best for

the purpose. Perhaps the most beautiful object, artistically, we have received from Messrs. De la Rue is a book-marker printed on satin. The colour is most refined and delicate. Technically as good as three heads of girls, also printed on satin. The designs are hardly as good as the workmanship, which is a marvel of the printer's art. We have also received from Messrs. De la Rue a large parcel of Christmas cards, which come too late for us to be able to do justice to the good taste and admirably delicate chromolithography which characterize them. We must mention, only by name, some humming-birds on satin, some cards with tall female classical figures, which look as if they had stepped out of *Patience*, a set of what used to be called "water processions," by R. D., and a fine example of printing in gold signed E. G. Thomson.

From Messrs. Meissner & Buch, of Leipzig, we have received, through Mr. W. G. Wallis, a large number of cards ornamented with very well-executed pictures of flowers, printed for the most part on a grained paper, with the effect of tapestry. As they are not numbered we can hardly identify them by description, but a New Year card, representing heartsease and laburnum in very delicate shades of brown and yellow, should be distinguished, as well as a pair of twittering swallows and a wild rose. The mechanical execution is remarkably fine. It is, perhaps, in most of the examples superior to the design. The greens are, as a rule, rather crude and untrue to nature.

Nearly all busy people are acquainted with the "time-saving publications" of Messrs. Letts & Son. We have among them a *Commercial Tablet Diary* to hang up, a leaf with its appointments being turned over every day; also a small, neat, well-bound *Appointment Diary* for the pocket. It is evidently intended for business rather than pleasure. A line is marked for every hour in the day, from 9 A.M. to 8 P.M., and it will not therefore suit people who frequent "midnight dances and the public show." Another diary of the same kind is published in small numbers by Messrs. Rudall & Carte, under the direction of Sir J. Benedict, and includes Church holidays and race meetings.

We have not received a single calendar, even when spelt with a "K," which would not be an eyesore if hung near a Morris hintz, a Japanese paper, or a Persian rug. It is the more strange as the mediæval illuminators, from whose works the modern chromolithographers' designer derives so many ideas, spent much thought and care on this department of their religious manuscripts. The artist who wants patterns for calendars should visit the British Museum and avoid the use of crude metallic blues.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

SOME men almost seem to belong to two nations by virtue of knowledge, taste, or sympathy, representing the people of their predilections among the people with which the accident of birth has identified them, and from which they never become estranged. Such a part can only be performed by our uniting width of knowledge to width of mind; and on this account, perhaps, it has frequently fallen to the lot of an eminent German. With the names of Prince Albert and Baron Bunsen may worthily be ranked that of the late Professor Reinhold Pauli (1), a man who adorned the literature of his native land by his researches into the history of another country, and was attached with equal patriotism to both. England and Germany owe him an equal debt; England for the light his investigations have thrown upon her annals, Germany for the sound lessons of political wisdom which he has inculcated by the example of a nation more advanced in the organization of public life. The influence of his literary example has been potent in England, and may distinctly be traced in those of our recent historians who have been especially guided by the study of public documents, and have especially laboured to comprehend the community as a great political organism. The posthumous essays collected in the present volume, though not of extraordinary depth or compass, will not disappoint the expectations raised by their predecessors. The first, on the city of Durham, is one of those picturesque studies, half historical, half archaeological, with which the English public has been familiarized by Mr. Freeman. "The Formation of the Union of Great Britain" is a most interesting narrative of the origin, the accomplishment, and the consolidation of the memorable transaction by which Scotland resigned her legislative independence for a full participation in British trade. "The Beginnings of Henry VIII." is a no less interesting sketch of the five bright years between Henry's accession and Wolsey's chancellorship, while the former, the perfection of manly beauty and manly spirit, and as yet at variance with no class among his subjects, might well pass for the model of a king. The reverse of the picture is shown in the next essay, on Thomas Cromwell, where we see Henry, with statesmanlike instinct and dexterity, steering that middle course between Rome and Wittenberg which has always been agreeable to the English people, but, at the same time, sacrificing to jealous suspicions the servant whose only crime was to have served him with too little scruple. Cromwell, in Dr. Pauli's opinion, was an English Machiavelli, neither Romanist nor Reformer; and he properly condemns the misuse of the great opportunities for truly national endowments afforded by the suppression of the monasteries. The other essays are of less importance; but a word must be said of the

(1) *Aufsätze zur Englischen Geschichte*. Von Reinhold Pauli. Herausgegeben von Otto Hartwig. Leipzig: Hirzel. London: Williams & Norgate.

just and cordial appreciation of Sir Robert Peel, in his disinterestedness, sagacity, and unpretending dignity a statesman after the biographer's own heart. Pauli's own character is pleasantly sketched in an introductory memoir by Dr. Hartwig, the editor of the collection. Industrious, methodical, endowed with immense capacity for work; but, at the same time, cheerful, genial, obliging; intensely patriotic and public-spirited; firm but moderate in his opinions; he seemed to combine all the best qualities of the two nations with which he has connected his name.

A pretty little volume (2) gives a succession of lively sketches of the age of the German Landsknechte, the connecting link between the feudal chivalry, which expired at the accession of Maximilian, and the regular armies of the Thirty Years' War. It is a most readable compendium of military history, and is illustrated with quaint engravings of the amazing uniforms and clumsy ordnance of the time.

There is no more striking instance of the ubiquity and spontaneousness of the agitation for national independence which characterizes our times than its appearance in the Grand Duchy of Finland (3). So long as Finland remained united to Sweden, the patriotism of its inhabitants was entirely Swedish; but, no sooner were they united to Russia, than they discovered that they possessed an indigenous language, and, notwithstanding the existence of a strong Swedish party, they have ever since striven to raise the Finnish tongue to the literary rank of Swedish, and to resist Russian encroachments upon their local liberties. Both objects seem to have been pretty well attained, although the Finns' jealousy of their ancient privileges leads to continual friction with the Russian authorities. Herr Max Buch's sensible and instructive book is grounded on a two years' residence in the country.

August Böckh and Karl Otfried Müller (4) stand by common consent among the first rank of German archaeologists. They were also intimate friends, and, as we now learn, steady correspondents. Neither their genius nor their objects of research had much in common, beyond the mutual bias to classical antiquity. Böckh—minute, precise, averse to speculation—addicted himself to epigraphy and meteorology, subjects admitting of exact investigation. Müller, adventurous and delighting in bold combinations, was fascinated by the problems of mythology and ethnography. Each recognized his complement in the other, and the tone of the correspondence is honourable to both, though partly relating to the literary feuds which between 1820 and 1830 divided German classical philologists between Berlin and Leipzig.

Dr. Bender's academical discourse on the four hundredth anniversary of Luther's birth (5) has gone through three editions in three weeks. The fact is interesting in itself, and especially so as an indication of the probability that the Luther celebration will not be allowed to pass away without some endeavour to remedy the unfortunate estrangement between the German Church and German culture. Dr. Bender is very frank with both parties; but unhesitatingly lays the principal blame on the Church, which, while adhering to Luther's teaching in the letter, is continually trying to restore the mediæval habit of mind which it was his mission to destroy. The spirit of the nineteenth century is not an irreligious spirit, and if German pastors would but place themselves in as hearty sympathy with it as Luther felt with the spirit of his own century, the German Church would be a strong and popular institution.

One of the most interesting of the innumerable publications called forth by the Luther anniversary is a photographic facsimile of the Schmalkalde Articles of Faith drawn up by Luther in 1537 in his own handwriting (6). These articles, prepared at the request of the Elector of Saxony, and subscribed by Melancthon, Bugenhagen, Spalatin, and other eminent Protestant theologians, are of great interest for the history of the theology of the Reformers. They have hitherto been printed from a transcript made by Spalatin, which presents some slight variations. A reprint of Luther's text is appended to the facsimile, as well as a photograph of the signatures to the document. The history of the MS. is remarkable. Deposited in the Elector Palatine's library at Heidelberg, it was taken by Tilly in the Thirty Years' War, sent to Rome, taken from the Pope by Napoleon, and reclaimed by the Bavarian Government after his overthrow. The facsimile is beautifully executed.

The grievances of teachers of foreign languages at English schools (7) may appear a subject only interesting to the sufferers; but they also have an important bearing upon the manner in which their subjects are taught, and this concerns the English nation. With every allowance for over-colouring, it is nevertheless undeniable that a state of things exists calculated to keep superior men out of the profession, and the consequences must

evidently be detrimental. The root of the evil, no doubt, lies in the imperfect appreciation of modern languages in this country; and we can only trust that the remedies proposed by Sir John Lubbock and the University of Cambridge may be found efficient. In any imaginable case the salaries of persons engaged in teaching their native languages must be kept low by competition; nor do we see how German masters in English schools will be benefited by Herr Reichardt's proposal to establish a central German school, or believe that such an institution would meet the views of German parents domiciled in England. Herr Reichardt's pamphlet contains many statements respecting the internal arrangements of English middle-class schools, and the abuses of the agency system, which are worthy of serious consideration.

Albert Dürer's renowned diary of his journey in the Netherlands (8) is now for the first time fully edited by Dr. F. Leitschuh. It appeared with considerable curtailment in Campo's *Relics of Albert Dürer* (1828), and in a complete form, but translated into modern German, in the third volume of Eitelberger von Edelberg's *Quellenschriften* (1872). Dr. Leitschuh has edited the entire text in the original orthography, and supplied a valuable preface and notes. Among the subjects discussed in the former is Frau Dürer's evil character as a termagant, and a sordid drag upon the genius of her husband, which is shown to be undeserved. Apart from the personal interest attaching to the writer, the diary is most curious as a record of artistic life and personal expenditure in the sixteenth century. The original is lost, and the diary as a manuscript only exists in the shape of a copy made by Johann Hauer early in the seventeenth century, and now in the library at Bamberg, of which Dr. Leitschuh is librarian.

Dürer travelled in the flattest country in the world. Herr Schwarz's (9) tourists have been selected on the opposite principle. He has collected a number of interesting accounts of the ascents of lofty mountains; and his selection seems in general very judicious, though we find no more than a reference to Mr. Wylmyer's capital feat of scaling Chimborazo. Among the best narratives are Mr. New's dramatic account of the ascent of Kilimandjaro to the point where he could demonstrate the existence of equatorial snow by touching it, and Mr. Green's description of the lengthened series of operations required to overcome the resistance of Mount Cook in New Zealand.

Dr. R. Meyer (10) accompanied a party of Austrian noblemen who had purchased land in Texas, and availed himself of the opportunity to travel over the Union and make a thorough study of the causes that allow of American competition with European agriculture and industry. He dwells especially on the vast facilities for transport in America and the mechanical appliances of every description, and he thinks that the exhaustion of the American soil, or at all events its incapacity for renovation, have been exaggerated. He looks forward to a time by no means remote when American manufactures will overflow the world as completely as American produce is doing now; and, on the whole, his conclusions are most favourable to the United States. It should be noticed, however, that they are formed on the basis of observations made in 1881, when American harvests were better and European harvests more deficient than has since been the case.

Dr. R. Fricke has selected for his inaugural dissertation the Robin Hood cycle of ballads (11), as good an instance, perhaps, as could be found of the growth of poetic legend around a celebrated person, as distinguished from myth and fable. Robin Hood's character is throughout consistent with itself, and the identity of the leading features of his tradition is calculated to fortify our confidence in the substantial accuracy of still more famous legends. The theory, indeed, has been propounded that Robin was a solar myth; but if this has reached Dr. Fricke's ears, he holds it unworthy of consideration. His little treatise affords an excellent account and analysis of all the extant ballad literature on his theme, which he justly deems a precious possession of the English nation.

Gottfried Keller's "Seven Legends" (12) is not quite a new book, but is so much less known than it ought to be that the appearance of a new edition may be thought to demand a brief notice. Keller is one of the few modern German novelists endowed with a really creative imagination and able to venture into the realm of the ideal and the spiritual. A strong sense of reality nevertheless underlies his most fanciful conceptions, as is characteristically evinced in these "Legends." The subjects are taken from traditions of the early Church; but beneath the vesture of supernatural fable the shrewd, prosaic, worldly humour of the burgher of Seldwyla is distinctly apparent. The result is very piquant, and adds much to the charm of the stories. The best, on the whole, would perhaps have been the first, with its admirable moral of the superiority of domestic duty to monastic sanctity, had not the writer's fidelity to the old ecclesiastical tradition led him to spoil his story by a catastrophe quite out of harmony with the spirit with which it has become imbued by his thoroughly

(2) *Kriegsbilder aus der Zeit der Landsknechte*. Von H. von Zwiedineck-Sudenhorst. Stuttgart: Cotta. London: Williams & Norgate.

(3) *Finland und seine Nationalitätenfrage*. Von Max Buch. London: Nutt.

(4) *Briefwechsel zwischen August Böckh und Karl Otfried Müller*. Leipzig: Teubner. London: Nutt.

(5) *Reformation und Kirchentum: eine akademische Festrede*. Von W. Bender. Dritte Auflage. Bonn: Strauss. London: Nutt.

(6) *Die Schmalkaldischen Artikel vom Jahre 1537*. Nach D. Martin Luther's Autograph in der Universitätsbibliothek zu Heidelberg. Herausgegeben von Dr. Karl Zangemeister. Heidelberg: Winter. London: Nutt.

(7) *Der Deutsche Lehrer in England*. Von H. Reichardt. Berlin: Weidmann. London: Nutt.

(8) *Albrecht Dürer's Tagebuch der Reise in den Niederlanden*. Erste vollständige Ausgabe, mit Einleitung und Anmerkungen herausgegeben von Dr. F. Leitschuh. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Koickmann.

(9) *Ueber Fels und Firn*. Von R. Schwarz. Leipzig: Froberg. London: Williams & Norgate.

(10) *Ursachen der Amerikanischen Concurrenz*. Von Dr. R. Meyer. Berlin: Bahr. London: Nutt.

(11) *Die Robin-Hood-Balladen*. Von Richard Fricke. Braunschweig: Westermann. London: Nutt.

(12) *Sieben Legenden*. Von Gottfried Keller. Stuttgart: Göschen. London: Williams & Norgate.

nineteenth-century treatment. "The Virgin and the Devil" is as good a specimen of diablerie as one could wish. The last legend, of the Muses in Heaven, is apparently Keller's own invention. It is rather a prose poem than a story, and in its delicate, fanciful sadness strongly recalls the analogous productions of Turgeneff.

The collected poems of the same writer (13) form a great storehouse of real poetry, where everything is more or less good. The old, however, is the best. Keller's earlier poems, mostly prompted by particular aspects of nature or passing lyrical moods, disclose a rare power of seizing upon the essentially poetical side of a subject, and bestowing just that magic touch which discriminates poetical simplicity from commonplace. Many are most tenderly pathetic; all thrill with genuine poetical feeling. The later poems are even better in point of form; but their themes, though more ambitious, are less attractive, and they have more of deliberate construction than of genuine poetical inspiration. A long narrative poem, "The Apothecary of Chamouni," has merit; but the rhymeless trochaic tetrameter becomes, as even with Heine, tiresome after awhile. The later pieces, however, have more of characteristically national spirit; and the collection as a whole deserves the highest respect, as reflecting the choicest moods of a man of deep feeling, sturdy originality, and a rare mastery of style.

The success of Herr Seyppel's (14) comic version of the history of King Rhampsinus's treasure-chamber has elicited a continuation in the same style. If not quite equal to its forerunner, the cause must be sought, not in any inferiority of the text or illustrations, which are fully as genially extravagant and audaciously absurd as heretofore, but in the want of what Mr. Matthew Arnold calls the right subject-matter. The "Treasure House of Rhampsinus" is a classical piece of humour, only admitting of being told in one way; the history of Rupsippos and Raza taxes the writer's powers of invention to a degree which they will hardly bear, and is very deficient in æsthetic necessity and unity of action. It is, nevertheless, an excellent archæological burlesque, told and depicted with abundant spirit, and has one considerable advantage over its predecessor in the successful imitation of archaic binding.

A romance on the house of Fugger, by E. A. König (15), is animated and readable enough, but does not rise much above the ordinary standard of the circulating library.

Simplicitas (16), by Marie von Olfers, is a romance in verse. Like most such romances, it would have been better in prose if the author had been endowed with the special gifts of a storyteller. There seems reason to conclude, however, that she has not been ill-advised in trusting to the springing up of pretty things under the pen rather than to the power of sustained narrative or careful construction. There are abundance of such happy touches, and the poem, if distinguishable by no remarkable fervour of inspiration, is pervaded by a sweet and tender feeling which renders it very agreeable reading.

Otto Roquette (17) is always a charming writer, and he has never written more charmingly than in his last little volume of novelettes. German story-tellers usually succeed when, like President Lincoln's negro, "dey take to de woods." Woodland scenery seems to the German what the sea is to the Englishman, a constant stimulus to picturesque fancy. Herr Roquette's stories are deeply penetrated by this sylvan feeling, and their spirit is like their scenery, healthy, natural, cheerful, on the whole, yet with enough of melancholy for genuine human interest. The construction is very neat, and the style very good.

Hieronimus Lorm's "Wanderer" (18) is also a good example of its style, but the type is less distinctively national, and less attractive. It is a story of incident, beginning under Napoleon and ending under Charles X. There is no extraordinary interest in the plot or novelty in the personages; but it is very well written, and fairly interesting throughout.

Rudolf von Gottschall's "Paper Princess" (19) is also a novel of incident, and a very good one. The Princess is the daughter of Law, the projector of the Mississippi scheme, and the action passes chiefly at Paris at the period of the Regency. The colouring of the age is happily reproduced; the interest of the story is well sustained; and, but for a certain want of ease in the dialogue, there would be no room for disparaging criticism.

The *Rundschau* (20) commences a translation of Turgeneff's autobiographical memoirs, written in 1868, and published in Russia in 1874. They begin with the year 1837, just before Turgeneff's departure to study in Germany, driven, as he says, by his horror of the serf system, which he lived to see abolished. They contain so far numerous sketches of contemporary Russian men of letters, especially his friend Belinski, near whom he

desired to be buried. Belinski, according to Turgeneff, was a very considerable critic, and certainly he would appear to have possessed the instinct of doubting and questioning in great perfection. Another biographical article reviews the correspondence of Böckh and Otfried Müller. A paper on colonization contains an interesting account of the Colonial Exhibition at Amsterdam, interspersed with the usual complaints of the incapacity of Germans to establish colonies. There are more ways of colonizing than one; and if recent statements of the commercial and industrial predominance of Germans in Poland and the Balkan peninsula are correct, it may be that Germany will find an outlet for her energies without crossing the sea. An article on recent modifications of the atomic theory describes the remarkable divinations of the Russian chemist Mendelejeff, who inferred that undiscovered elements must exist to fill up the gaps he had remarked in the series of the combining proportions of elementary substances, and found his conjecture justified by actual discovery. The entire paper is most interesting. Ossip Schubin's brilliant but painful "Story of a Genius" is concluded.

In the notice of Mr. Stephenson's "First Book of Livy" (SATURDAY REVIEW, December 8, p. 742), "Grando, inis, f., hail," should have been "Gramen, inis, n., grass." This mistake prevents the stricture which follows from being justly applicable.

From the 5th of January next the SATURDAY REVIEW will give a Weekly Notice of Current French Literature.

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(13) *Gammelte Gedichte*. Von Gottfried Keller. Berlin: Hertz. London: Williams & Norgate.

(14) *Er, Sie, Es: ate Aegyptische Humoreske*. Durch C. M. Seyppel. Düsseldorf: Bager. London: Nutt.

(15) *Nikodemus Fugger u. Comp.* Roman. Von E. A. König. 2 Bde. Jena: Costenoble. London: Kolkmann.

(16) *Simplicitas*. Von Marie von Olfers. Berlin: Hertz. London: Williams & Norgate.

(17) *Neues Novellenbuch*. Von Otto Roquette. Breslau: Schottländer. London: Williams & Norgate.

(18) *Der fahrende Geselle*. Roman. Von Hieronymus Lorm. Leipzig: Schlicke. London: Kolkmann.

(19) Rudolf von Gottschall. *Die Papierprinzessin*. Roman. 3 Bde. Breslau: Trewendt.

(20) *Deutsche Rundschau*. Herausgegeben von Julius Rodenberg. Jahrg. 20, Hft. 3. Berlin: Paetel. London: Trübner & Co.

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